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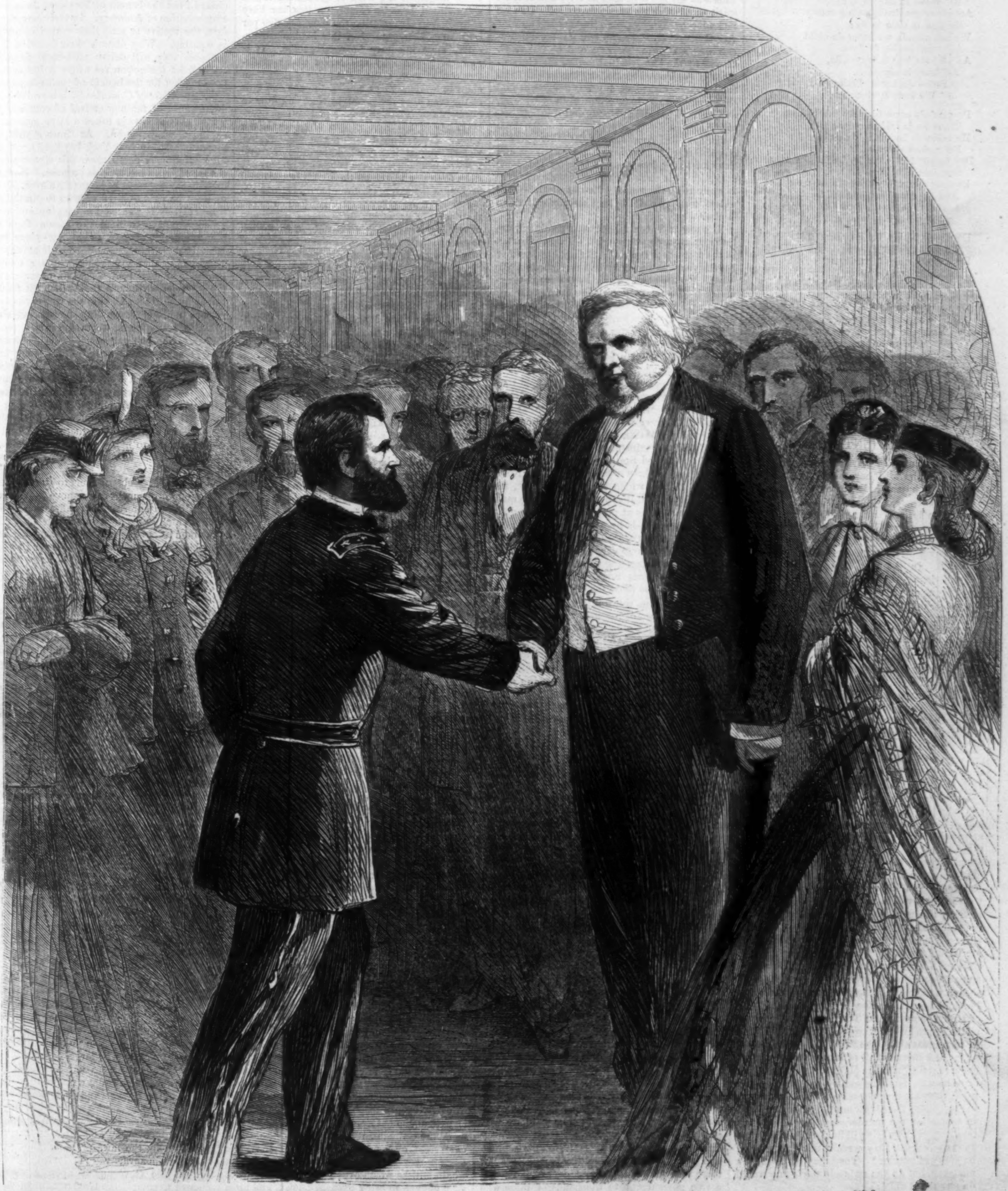


LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT VISITING GENERAL SCOTT AT COZZENS'S HOTEL, WEST POINT, June 8, 1865.—[See Page 390.]

THE FREEDMAN'S SONG.

De Lord, He make us free indeed
In His own time an' way;
We plant de rice an' cotton seed,
An' see de sprout some day;
We know it come, but not de why—
De Lord know more dan we;
We 'spected freedom by-an'-by,
An' now we all are free.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
For now we all are free.

De Norf is on de side of right,
An' full of men, dey say;
An' dere, when poor man work, at night
He sure to get his pay;
De Lord, He glad dey are so good,
An' make dem bery strong;
An' when dey called to give deir blood
Dey all come right along.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
Dey all come right along.

Deir blue coats cover all de groun',
An' make it like de sky;
An' ebery grayback loafing roun'
He tink it time to fly:
We not afraid; we bring de child
An' stan' beside de door,
An' oh! we hug it bery wild,
An' keep it ebermore.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
We keep it ebermore.

De mas'er's come back from his tramp,
'Pears he is broken quite;
He takes de basket to de camp
For rations ebery night;
Dey fought him when he loud and strong,
Dey feed him when he low,
Dey say dey will forgive de wrong
And bid him 'pent and go.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
Dey bid him 'pent and go.

De rice is higher far dis year,
De cotton taller grow;
De lowest corn-silk on de ear
Is higher dan de hoe;
De Lord He lift up ebery ting
'Cept rebel in his grave;
De negro bress de Lord an' sing
He is no longer slave.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
De negro no more slave.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 24, 1865.

THE PRESENT PERIL.

It took seventy-five years to teach this country that fire will burn. Against the instincts of the human heart, against the dictates of common-sense, against reason and all experience we insisted upon yielding every thing to Slavery in a free Government, until Slavery took the Government by the throat, and only by the most prolonged and desperate struggle was thrown off. In like manner, against all reason and experience which assured us that sovereignty is one and can not be divided, that a nation can be injured in no part without suffering every where, that the law of life in communities is like that in individuals, we allowed the mischievous Kentucky and Virginia resolutions to remain as a vague apology for treason, instead of seeing that where such resolutions could be adopted and defended there was the utmost necessity of a solemn national renunciation of them by a constitutional amendment forever settling the question. Sufferance made treason insolent; servility made it strong; until the authority of the State struck at the national supremacy, and only by flooding every hearthstone with blood, and loading our children with debt, was the national authority restored.

Have we yet learned that the spirit of Slavery, whether it actually buys and sells human beings like cattle, or despises and outrages them as pariahs, is the spirit of eternal war; and that the doctrine of State Sovereignty, whether it naughtily calls a king's patent, or a civil engineer's division of land, a nation, or asserts the reserved rights of States, means, substantially, treason? It would be ludicrous, if it were not too sad, to see those who are still stunned by the war doubting whether the men who excited and conducted it can possibly be capable of any naughty action. There are the horrible pens of Millen and Andersonville; the unimaginable suffering inflicted upon innocent men; there are the cold-blooded slaughters of Fort Pillow and Lawrence; the hangings and tortures of Union men in East Tennessee, in Texas, in all the South and Southwest; there are the plots to burn great cities, the firing of hotels and museums and theatres full of innocent women and children; there are the plans of infecting whole districts with fatal disease by the yellow-fever rags; there are the massacres of helpless negroes in the streets; there is the murder of the President in a theatre; the murderous attempt upon the Secretary of State lying ill in his bed—and some good soul asks, "Do you really think they would be guilty of murder? They may be politically mistaken, but do you seriously think they would do any thing unfair?"

Could we seriously think otherwise? How is it natural to suppose that those who breed children for sale, whose laws and social and industrial habits are designed to imbrute human beings, would wage war? Is it not by every foul and dishonorable means? Is it not by poison, by assassination, by massacre? Why should not savages be savage? **Jefferson Davis** was called "a high-toned Southern gentleman." Doubtless he was as much of a gentleman and as high-toned as any man bred in such a condition of things could be. But what his gentlemanhood and high tone were you discover when you read his speeches, in which Yankees are hyenas, and **Grant** and **Sherman** are spaniels to be whipped. There were lovely and accomplished women in the Slave States; but when they spoke of slavery their bald barbarity dehumanized them. The blood chilled in the heart to hear their flippant or fiery talk. They were like the smooth-skinned wives and daughters of ogres in fairy tales.

Is it unkind to recall these things? Is it a poor policy of conciliation to recur to the old offenses? Oh no; they are not old offenses. This was the spirit of that society, and it is its spirit still. Can we wisely forget it? Can we make it otherwise by pretending not to know it? Are **George N. Sanders** and **Jacob Thompson** and **Beverly Tucker** and **Clement C. Clay** any the less criminal foes of the Government of the United States, any less infidel to its fundamental doctrines, any less dangerous and dishonorable men, to be shunned in every way, and exposed to public obloquy and constant suspicion, because **Horace Greeley** calls them "distinguished Americans of the other party to our civil war?" Are **Hunter**, **Campbell**, and **Stephens** any less traitors because the same authority calls them "eminent Confederates?" Is the ostrich the model of a statesman? Are wolves mild and docile because you call them lambs?

The men who control Southern sentiment are baffled, they are not changed. They are beaten in the war—that is all. Are they less hostile? Do they confess that they had no right to make war? Do they believe that States are not sovereign? Do they acknowledge the equality of human rights? Do they hate Yankees any less because the Yankees have whipped them? The ladies of the rebel States, who are reduced from the luxury based upon the unpaid toil and untold wrongs of human beings to gain a livelihood by mechanical labor or to receive Government rations—are they less bitter and mad than before? The beggared men, who live on charity and sneer with irrepressible hate at the "Federal" Government—are they changed at heart? Mayor **Mayo**, of Richmond, whom Governor **Pierpont** reinstates—is he any safer citizen of the United States than when he was in active rebellion three months ago? The North Carolina planter whom General **Patrick**, the Provost-Marshal at Richmond, told that he must not whip his slaves at present, but that a good time was coming—is he a type of the "distinguished Americans of the other party to our civil war" who are to reorganize the late slave States? The Alabama delegation, the Mississippi Governor, **Boyce** from South Carolina, **Brown** from Georgia—are these the "eminent Confederates" with whom, shutting our eyes and minds, and pocketing common-sense, we are to fraternize in a restored Union? Let by-gones be bygones, do you say? And what by-gone do they forget? What dangerous dogma, what treasonable intention do they give any proof that they have renounced? The rebels carry the State election in Virginia. Are they to send representatives to Congress? A palpable charlatan like **George Sanders** led **Horace Greeley** by the nose at Niagara. Are abler and wilier leaders than **Sanders** incapable of hoodwinking more sagacious men than Mr. **Greeley**?

This country needs as much watchful intelligence to save it now as it needed skillful military guidance to save it two years ago. The rebellion gives up the field, it does not yield the fight. The New York *World* asked two months ago, advising the rebels to submit, what can the President do, what terms can he make if you only throw down your arms and return to the Union? That was to say to the rebels, as plainly as words could express it, "Claim your rights as States, and we will back you." **George Sanders** makes the same appeal from Canada, foolishly speaking above his breath and out of time.

Have we learned that fire will burn? Do we yet understand that the chief duty of the loyal people of the United States is to suffer the late slave States to be reorganized only upon such terms as those people prescribe? Do we fully comprehend that the important point is not speedy reorganization, but sure reorganization? Do we see, as we should, that it is better Virginia should be governed as a territory for half a century rather than that she should be recognized as a State by the spirit of State Sovereignty and caste which produced the rebellion? Congress must decide the question. Let Congress, then, distinctly understand public opinion. Let every body speak out. We are in no danger of treating any body too severely. This country was never yet too severe upon any citizens but those who warned it of the danger of intrusting a free government to the hands of those who had no faith in its principles. We are not in danger of a blood-thirsty policy but of our old obsequious pusillanimity, and a sentimental sophistication in which the true character and relation of men and things at this juncture will be forgotten and the country plunged into new perils. Wise men will insist at every hazard that the lessons of experience shall be heeded, and that the peace and welfare of the country shall be secured by placing the political power of the reorganized States in the hands of those only, and all of those, who utterly repudiate State Sovereignty, and all civil distinction based upon color; for such, and such only, are truly trustworthy citizens of the United States.

THE COTTON QUESTION.

Gold is up again above 140, and many predict that it will pass 150 before the autumn; which means a further depreciation of the currency, higher prices for food, fuel, and clothing, and renewed financial embarrassment.

Efforts are still made in certain quarters to delude the public into the belief that the advance in gold is the work of speculators: that a few dozen Jews by combining together have succeeded in depreciating the currency five per cent. in a fortnight. But this balderdash deceives none but very ignorant people. It is now pretty generally understood that speculators can no more control the price of gold than chips in a tideway can control the ebb and flow of the sea; that the premium rises and falls in obedience to immutable laws of political economy. Gold fell from 280 to 130 because the armies of the United States won victory after victory, and at last crushed the rebellion and restored confidence in our public credit. It has risen from 130 to 142 on the purely commercial ground of the excess of our imports over our exports. We are consuming more foreign goods than we are exporting domestic produce, and to supply the deficiency we have been compelled to export, for the past month, about $2,000,000 of gold a week, which has diminished the supply in market and increased the demand. In the darkest days of the war, when there was ground for apprehension that our last golden dollar would be drained from us to pay for tea, coffee, and foreign luxuries, far-seeing Dutchmen unconsciously carried us through by taking Five-Twenty Bonds. But this resource is no longer available. Bonds are coming home—at the rate of half a million to a million a week—instead of going out. And if the fall imports prove as heavy as the profitable spring trade foreshadowed, we must either export a great deal more gold, which will of course cause the premium to advance still further, or we must find something else to export.

What shall it be? The prospect is fair for a good harvest in England, and should it prove an average, we can not expect to ship food enough to affect the rate of exchange. It takes a great many cargoes of wheat and corn to pay for one steamer-load of dry-goods or one ship-load of tea. Since the suspension of specie payments our exports of grain and flour have footed up very large amounts in a currency worth from 40 to 60 cents on the dollar; but it must be remembered that before the war an export of $50,000,000 of wheat, corn, and flour was considered enormous. And we see no reason for expecting that Europe will want more now than then.

It was confidently expected, when the war drew to a close, that our old stand-by—cotton—would loom up in great strength; that we should find it encumbering our wharves, filling our ships, paying our foreign debts, and drawing gold from Europe. But this pleasant hope—like so many, alas!—has proved a dream. Peace has been a fact for six weeks, and we are receiving no more cotton than we received this time last year, when the Southern Confederacy seemed full of life. Yet the cotton is there, beyond doubt. After some time spent in a careful comparison of evidence, and sifting of opinions, we can not estimate the present stock of cotton at the South at less than two million of bales. Texas alone must contain half a million, and may contain a million bales. In many localities the cotton is unginned, the gin-house having got out of order when the proprietors were conscript soldiers of **Jeff Davis**. In many the staple can not be moved for want of bagging. But while authorities vary in their estimates from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 bales, all agree that the quantity on hand at the South is large—large enough to turn the balance of trade between the United States and Europe. Every Southerner who, during the long war, had a thought for himself or his family, planted some cotton, and hid it when picked, as something to build upon in the days to come. Every cane-brake, every out-of-the-way shed, every dark pine-grove, every swamp, every recess which was likely to escape the prying eyes of soldiers, may be relied upon to contain cotton. If the quantity thus hidden away, added to that which is openly displayed in stores and gin-houses, amounts to 2,000,000 bales, which is a moderate estimate, it would be worth, at present prices, over $400,000,000. If the price fell fifty per cent., which is not very likely, it would still be worth over $200,000,000—more than enough to bring exchange down, and force gold to a moderate premium.

The causes which prevent this cotton coming to market are threefold:

1. *Government Restrictions.*—At the outset, after the surrender of the rebel armies, when wholesale confiscation of cotton ceased, Government levied a tax of 25 per cent. on the value thereof, and assumed a monopoly of the right of purchase. This rule has since been somewhat modified. But still the trade in cotton is so far from free that sending money South to buy cotton is still classed in mercantile circles as an adventurous operation, much like blockade-running or taking stock in a gold-mine. Conservative houses will not embark capital in it.

2. *The Confiscation Act.*—No authoritative exposition of the policy of the Government in regard to the enforcement of this act has yet been made public. It is clear that the bulk of the cotton at the South is the property of individuals whose property of all kinds is forfeited to the United States Government, if that Government choose to enforce its confiscation. And it is also clear that most of these owners of cotton belong to a class which is expressly excluded from the benefit of President **Johnson's** Proclamation of Amnesty. In their case, therefore, the motive to send their cotton to market is wanting. Why disturb their hoard if it be probable they will derive no benefit from it? As well let the cotton rot where it lies as send it to market for the benefit of their conquerors.

3. *The Want of Capital.*—This is probably the great cause of the non-arrival of cotton at the ports. It has always taken a large amount of capital to move cotton. At times a stringent money-market in New York has been accounted for by Southern drafts upon this city to supply the money required for this purpose. Now, the amount needed must be larger than ever. Money must be paid to hired negroes to gin the cotton. Money is wanted for bagging and rope. It costs money to haul the cotton from the plantation, gin-house, or hiding-place to a steamboat landing. The steamboat charges more money than ever to carry it to a sea-port or distributing centre. A swarm of tax-gatherers want money before they will let it move a step. And to face all this the wretched planter has nothing resembling money but **Jeff Davis's** shinplasters, worth 6 cents a pound. In better times he got money from his factor at New Orleans, Mobile, or Savannah—sometimes, if he were a very smart man, from the banks or from his friends in New York. But where are the complaisant factors, or the liberal banks, or the Northern friends now? Alas! **Grant** has swept them all away, and many a Southern planter, with cotton enough to make him almost rich, and to help our exchanges materially, is absolutely starving away in the Southwest.

Of these three obstructions to the movement of cotton Government can remove the first two. It can either enforce the confiscation act—in which case, for its own interest, it should employ men at once to hunt up cotton wherever it lies hid, and by offering rewards for its detection, force it into market, and sell it; or it should announce that it will not confiscate any cotton in the hands of individuals, and will impose no taxes upon it until it reaches a distributing centre. In either case the result would be an increased supply. If the former plan were adopted, the capital required for moving the cotton would be supplied by the Government. If the other course were pursued, capitalists would advance means for the purpose. Either policy would check the advance of gold; a middle course—halting between the two—must tend to enhance the premium and darken the fall horizon.

THE PLEA FOR DAVIS.

Mr. **Gerrit Smith** is a gentleman who deserves the utmost honor for the generous devotion of his liberal talents and large fortune to the most humane purposes. He has been always the friend of the friendless, and no nobler praise could be given to any man. Mr. **Smith** urges clemency toward the chief rebel leaders. Mr. **Smith** says that we have no right to treat them as traitors. He urges that when we agreed to wage war with them according to the laws of war, we conceded that they were not traitors, but belligerent enemies, and we are bound to treat them accordingly. A rebellion, he argues, is not a riot; and he quotes **Vattel** to the point that a civil war, conducted by armies in the field, *dissolves the State*, and places the contending parties in the position of contending nations. Let us look at this statement.

The Constitution defines treason as levying war against the United States. A riotous resistance of the national authority is not enough. The resistance must be large, organized, threatening. It must be more than a riot. It must be levying war, which is not a matter to be disposed of by reading riot acts and deploying constables. War is levied by armies and navies, from forts and ships, by shot and shell. War can be resisted only by war, and must of necessity be regulated by the laws of war. But, says Mr. **Smith**, whenever war is levied by citizens against the Government upon a scale large enough to compel the Government to subdue it by the means and laws of war, those citizens cease to be traitors, and to punish them as such is the meanest of crimes! In other words, treason is resistance to the Government by war. But if war be waged upon a scale sufficiently large seriously to threaten the existence of the Government it ceases to be levying war upon the Government. Such reasoning answers itself. Surely Mr. SMITH does not think that the leaders of the Whisky Insurrection might have been justly punished for treason, while the Government has no rightful hold of DAVIS.

In quoting HALLAM upon the execution of CHARLES THE FIRST, Mr. SMITH seems to forget that the illustration is not pertinent. There was no law precisely defining CHARLES's conduct as a capital crime, while DAVIS's offense is carefully and explicitly described in the fundamental law and the penalty unequivocally determined by statute. MACAULAY, in the very passage from which Mr. SMITH quotes, destroys all comparison of the cases by saying that neither by international nor municipal law was CHARLES a traitor. On the contrary, he says, "The *opponents* of CHARLES, it must be admitted, were technically guilty of treason. He might have sent them to the scaffold without violating any established principle of jurisprudence." Yet how could he have done this if the scope of the war had removed the liability of belligerents as traitors? MACAULAY's argument against the execution of CHARLES whenever he alludes to it, and especially in the essay from which Mr. SMITH quotes, is purely one of policy. "One thing, and one alone," says the historian, "could make CHARLES dangerous—a violent death." He exhausts his brilliant rhetoric to prove that the King's execution was a blunder, because it was absolutely unnecessary, and could only be procured by taking several previous steps, every one of which would have required the strongest necessity to vindicate. He pleads against the death of the King the only practicable argument that could be urged for the respite of DAVIS, that his violent death being useless made him a martyr. "And posterity has estimated his character from his death rather than from his life."

No special plea, no appeal to history, no argument drawn from the fact of war, can obscure the plain fact that DAVIS's life is forfeit to the law. This is conceded even by the London *Times*, one of the basest and most unscrupulous defamers of this country, and the most unblushing advocate of DAVIS before his failure. It pleads for him upon the ground of policy, and that is, unquestionably, the only ground upon which an appeal for mercy is tenable.

The fate of DAVIS individually, as of any single criminal, is of very little importance; but it is very important that this country should decide how it will regard treason and punish traitors. Those who oppose the execution of the present law plead that DAVIS "simply committed treason." True; and BOOTH simply committed murder. The law awards the same penalty to both offenses. Were there mitigating circumstances in either case? If so, let us know what they were. DAVIS would probably urge that he believed State Sovereignty justified his action. BOOTH would doubtless have declared that he believed the killing of tyrants was no murder. For ourselves, with no other desire than the peace and honor of the country, we repeat, that if this treason does not demand the penalty of the law no treason can; and therefore if DAVIS should be spared the law should be changed. Is so grave a law as that against treason intended to reach contemptible enemies only? Is a traitor to be exempted the moment he becomes truly formidable? If not, let the law be changed to conform to the public opinion, that death should not be inflicted for political offenses.

OUR DUTY IN REORGANIZATION.

"PEACE," said EDMUND BURKE, "may be made as unadvisedly as war. Nothing is so rash as fear, and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, while they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly." What this country needs to secure peace is the firm application of a plain principle. The principle of State rights, like that of county rights and town rights, is a good one. But the principle of national rights is the paramount and essential principle of the present situation. All subordinate rights whatever must bend to the national necessity of a local government in every State based upon the consent of the whole body of loyal freemen.

The national authority is fully competent to secure that government. There is no reason whatever why the nation should delegate its authority to secure such State governments in the South to a part of the loyal freemen resident there. At this moment no one loyal freeman of North Carolina has any right to a voice in reorganizing the State which every other does not equally possess. There is no more reason, except in an imaginary view of policy, why the national Government should authorize white loyalists alone to reorganize the State government of North Carolina because the voters in that State were formerly white than that it should authorize the colored loyalists alone to reorganize it because they have been always faithful to the country. As a question of policy merely, it is clear that if any class of loyalists object to reorganize the State upon acknowledged democratic republican principles that is not a class to which the reorganization can be safely intrusted. It is better policy to govern the State directly by the national authority than to relinquish it to such a class.

An apparently well-informed correspondent of the New York *Times* says, in a late letter from North Carolina: "While many admit that it may be the negro will be qualified to exercise that right in the future, every one thinks that he is not intelligent enough to do so now." "Every one" means, of course, the white population; the class who were formerly among the voters of the State. Yet in the very next paragraph of his letter the correspondent says: "The ignorance of the poorer classes is heart-rending, and their prejudices are strong as only those of ignorant men are......*Not more than one-seventh of the voters can read or write.*" These are the people who think the negro is not intelligent enough to vote; and these are the white loyalists to whom the apologists and friends of the rebellion insist that the right of voting shall be exclusively given because the colored loyalists are not sufficiently "intelligent!" The same correspondent adds: "They exhibit a prejudice against the slave that readily accounts for the ease with which 'the Southern heart was fired' during the war." And it is to these persons that it is proposed the question of suffrage for the colored freemen in the State shall be referred.

Is it surprising that, as a letter in the *Herald* says, "Among the negroes, however, there is sorrow?" Yes, and among ourselves—among the people of the United States, who have still the decision of the question—should there not be shame? Side by side with our brothers and friends, upon the soil of both the Carolinas, the colored men, to whom we had given no special cause to love us or to believe in us, fought for our Government and shared our victory. Side by side the bodies of the brave men, black and white, mingle in the dust. In a nameless grave upon Morris Island the fair-haired SHAW lies "buried with his niggers," all of them, soldiers and leader, having fought in the full faith that their death secured equal rights for all American citizens under the law. So they fought, so they fell, on many a noble field. Shall those who shot them down—those who hated them and the cause which they defended; those who hate the brave living black boys the more because their brethren did not die in vain—be allowed to do at the polls what they could not do in battle? They can not do it any where unless we consent. Can we consent without eternal infamy?

VIGILANCE THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

WE had little doubt that the Telegraph falsely reported the speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS—and so it proves. What he did say was, that reconstruction based upon white suffrage exclusively would lead to a recognition of the rebel debt. Such a policy would be a fraud upon the people, and however solemnly Congress might assume that debt he should always favor its repudiation. That is a view in which we suppose all honest men agree.

The subject of repudiation is not a new one even in our late history. There have been various hints from the Copperhead leaders of such a policy. And if the political power of the rebel States be intrusted solely to the white race, there is no doubt that a combination will be immediately formed between the negro-haters of the South and the North which would not hesitate to propose repudiation. A party which despises rights will not hesitate to repudiate debts. To such a party public honor is incomprehensible. Hitherto the slavery interest at the South made the support of slavery the price of the alliance by which the Democratic party so long controlled the Government. Hereafter the slavery interest, surviving as a negro-hating party, will impose other conditions at its will. Very naturally its leaders will not wish to be taxed to pay for their own subjugation; and if they think it wiser to demand general repudiation rather than the recognition of the rebel debt, they will do it, and the obsequious leaders of the negro-hating party at the North will submit their ready noses to the ring.

The utterly unAmerican spirit known as "the South," the spirit which scoffs at popular government and the rights of men, is beaten in the field, and is even now adjusting itself to assert its old supremacy in political control. It will try to recover by intrigue what it has lost by arms; and the people of this country are fools if they cease for a moment to watch and distrust it. It is a fire which blazes out now here, now there; and it is mortally perilous until it is entirely and every where extinguished.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

ONE of the most familiar names in the school reading-books of twenty and thirty years ago has now become historical. The kindly author, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, has recently died at her home in Hartford, at the ripe age of more than seventy years. Without striking or commanding genius, she had that purity of feeling and generous sympathy which enabled her, in fluent and simple verse, to win a kind of domestic fame which is as extensive as the country. Her works, both in verse and prose, are very numerous, and they are all marked with the same genial amiability and feminine sweetness. Her life was useful and honored, and her death will awaken every where a kindly emotion.

"THE NORWICH LINE."

THE summer traveler who is thinking of his vacation will naturally turn his mind to the White Mountains. Presently, as the heat increases and the city stifles him, he will begin to turn his feet thither, and will naturally ask himself how he can most pleasantly and conveniently reach those cool retreats. We shall be surprised if he find any route more delightful than that through the Sound to Norwich, Connecticut, by the steamers *The City of New York* and *The City of Boston*. There are no finer boats in the world. They are spacious and clean, and peculiarly comfortable. The route avoids all peril of sea-sickness; while Captains JEWETT and WILCOX are gentlemanly hosts of a night, from whom the traveler is loth to part.

WAR VIEWS.

MESSRS. ANTHONY & Co., the photographers in New York, have issued a series of stereoscopic "War Views," which are curiously and permanently interesting. The choice of scenes is very felicitous, and the execution is most delicate and distinct. Such views as the Railroad Dépôt at Atlanta, the Sea Face of Fort Sumter, the Dépôt at Chattanooga, Rebel Fort on the Marietta Road in Georgia, the Cemetery at Charleston, showing the effect of our shells, Rebel soldiers killed in the trenches of "Fort Damnation" near Petersburg, the Interior of Fort Sumter, arranged for the services at the raising of the flag, and scores of others of every variety compose a collection of truly historic value.

LITERARY.

SENATOR WILSON's *Anti-Slavery Measures in Congress* (WALKER, FULLER, & Co.), is a concise and complete history of all the legislation in Congress upon the subject from the opening of the war to the passage of the great Amendment. It is a clear, simple, and candid narration. The course of the debate upon every point is impartially indicated, and the author uses no adjectives or superfluous words, conscious that the story is sufficient for itself. In no other volume can the development of the anti-slavery sentiment during the war be so plainly studied. Its value is permanent. That it was a labor of love upon Senator WILSON's part will be readily understood, for among the names of those who have faithfully and patiently and successfully contributed to the most humane and ennobling result of the war, none is more conspicuous and honorable than that of HENRY WILSON.

Among the recent additions to "Harper's Library of Select Novels" are *Dennis Donne*, *Theo Leigh*, and *On Guard*, by ANNIE THOMAS, a writer whom the best foreign critics place high among that class of novelists of whom the author of "Adam Bede" ranks first. Her tales may perhaps be best described as absolute contrasts to the "Wood and Braddon School" of Sensation stories. "This," she says at the opening of her latest tale, "is to be no story of guilt and horror, of murder, mystery, and machinations. . The actors in it will be of the order among whom we live and move and have our being. Upon these I, their historian, will rely for creating an interest to the full as deep and true as can be obtained by the powerful portrayal of any or all of the cardinal vices."—*A Son of the Soil*, not included in the "Library of Select Novels," is a capital story, attributed to Mrs. OLIPHANT, author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Laird of Norlaw," "The Chronicles of Carlingford," and several other excellent novels. Summer tourists will find these four stories well worthy of a place in their list of reading for leisure.

DOCHARTY's *Elements of Analytical Geometry and of the Differential and Integral Calculus.*—There will, we trust, always be a large number of students, even in our practical age and country, who will wish some time and thought to the study of the Pure Mathematics. This volume is designed for the use of this class of students. Professor DOCHARTY does not profess to have thrown up a royal highway through the difficult domain of the Calculus; but he has endeavored to render the path as smooth and plain as the nature of the subject will admit. It is sufficient evidence of the value of the work that it was prepared by the able and experienced Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy; that it embodies the substance of his teaching for many years; and that it has been adopted as a textbook in that institution. (Published by HARPER & BROTHERS.)

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE reorganization of the governments of the States lately in rebellion is the great work of the day. Even the politico-economical problem in the South depends upon the solution of this higher problem of Government. Commercial facilities have value only under a government which secures to its citizens life and liberty.

In two States—North Carolina and Virginia—the first steps in President Johnson's reconstructive policy have been taken. Governors Holden and Pierpont are gradually bringing order out of the political chaos produced by the war.

Governor Holden, of whom we give a portrait on page 397, was born in Orange County, North Carolina, November 24, 1818. Born of humble parents, he had no early opportunities for education. When eleven years old he was placed in a printing-office. Afterward at Hillsborough he was employed as clerk in a store. He was eighteen when he went to Raleigh and undertook the duties of pressman in the *Star* office. He also worked for some time in the *Register* office. Here making use of every opportunity afforded him he fitted himself for the practice of law—a profession which he practiced for two years. In 1843 he took charge of the *Standard*, which in his hands became the most influential paper in the State. He was a warm advocate of universal suffrage in his State. In 1845 he was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature. Mr. Holden supported Vance as candidate for Governor in 1862, but ran against him in 1864.

On the 13th President Johnson issued a proclamation appointing the Hon. William L. Sharkey Provisional Governor of Mississippi.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

General Sheridan has been assigned to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. General Canby has divided the Department of the Gulf into four divisions: Louisiana, head-quarters at New Orleans; Mississippi, head-quarters at Jackson; Alabama, head-quarters at Montgomery; Florida, head-quarters at Tallahassee.

General Weitzel's expedition to Texas has at length wholly got under way. The first portion of the fleet, consisting of 12 or 15 vessels, left Hampton Roads before June 1. The other portion, which has now followed, consists of the *Star of the South*, *Richmond*, *Western Metropolis*, *Tonawanda*, *C. C. Perry*, *J. P. Evermar*, *Empire City*, *Rebecca Barber*, *Cambria*, and *Lillie*.

Forts Mannahassett and Griffin, strong works, defending Sabine Pass, were occupied by Lieutenant Commander Pennington, of the gun-boat *Owasco*, without opposition, on the 26th ult. The rebel troops had all evacuated before the arrival of the national force. Nine heavy guns and other valuable property were found in these two forts. Brownsville, Texas, was occupied by national troops on the 31st of May. It is said that the rebels, before evacuating, sold their artillery to the Mexican imperialists.

Previous reports that the rebel General Kirby Smith had left Texas and gone to Mexico are confirmed.

THE FIRE AT NASHVILLE.

A very destructive fire broke out on the morning of June 10 at Nashville, in the extensive building used for quarter-master and commissary stores. It is supposed to have originated from the sparks of a locomotive. One-half of the building was destroyed, involving a loss to the government of from eight to ten millions of dollars. Within the walls of the Quarter-master's building were stores sufficient to supply an army of eighty thousand men for two years. The quantity of rope alone consumed was valued at upward of one million of dollars. The building was the largest in the country, being eight hundred feet front and two hundred feet deep. It was partitioned off by fire-walls, which were suggested and built by General J. L. Donaldson. By this precaution a large part of the building, five hundred feet front, was saved from destruction.

WRECK OF THE "ADMIRAL DUPONT."

The *Admiral Dupont* was on the 8th inst. sunk by a British vessel with which she collided. Some fifteen or twenty of her crew were lost. She sailed for Fortress Monroe from New York on the 7th, and had on board a crew of thirty men and twenty steerage passengers.

GEORGE N. SANDERS'S PROCLAMATION.

On the 1st of June George N. Sanders issued an impudent proclamation, calling upon the "patriots of the South" to resist the usurpations of the Federal Government. It will not surprise those who have read the evidence implicating Sanders in a score of infamous plots, and even in the assassination of President Lincoln, to hear him advise the Southern gentlemen to perjure themselves. Protest, he says, against taking the test-oath; but, if necessary to accomplish your purpose, swallow it, "though the conspirators should offer it in a bowl of hemlock." Is Mr. Sanders afraid lest there should be some scruples still left among the chivalrous gentlemen of the South?

NEWS ITEMS.

General Meade's report of the part taken by the Army of the Potomac in the recent campaign has been published; also a report by Sheridan of the cavalry operations.

General Hood and staff surrendered to General Davidson on the 31st of May.

General Logan has established the head-quarters of the Army of the Tennessee at Louisville, Kentucky.

The First Corps was reviewed by General Hancock, at Camp Stoneman, on the 6th. It consisted of one division of nine nearly full regiments, over 7000 strong. The division is commanded by General Carroll, and its three brigades, on the day of the review, as follows: First Brigade, Colonel Oliver Wood; Second Brigade, Colonel W. H. Morgan; Third Brigade, Lieut.-Colonel Gallagher. The troops all marched well, with uniforms neat, and arms and equipments in good order. A festival at General Carroll's head-quarters closed the ceremony.

Brevet Major-General Francis C. Barlow has been promoted to the full rank of Major-General. General Barlow is now in command of the Second Division of the Second Corps.

Major-General Sheridan and staff arrived at New Orleans on the 2d instant.

Major-General Lovell H. Rousseau has been nominated in a caucus of members of the Kentucky Legislature as a candidate for United States Senator.

The youngest daughter of Professor and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was married at St. John's (Episcopal) Church, in Hartford, Connecticut, on Wednesday morning, to a wealthy Episcopal clergyman from Boston. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. A large party of the Beecher family was present, including the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn.

A grand review of the Sixth Army Corps, commanded by Major-General Wright, took place in Washington on the 8th of June. This corps was not present at the general review on the 23d and 24th of last month.

Colonel George C. Rogers, Fifteenth Illinois Veteran Volunteers, has been brevetted Brigadier-General at the instance of Generals Grant, Logan, and Blair.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE great subject of interest in the foreign news this week is the rupture between the French Emperor and his cousin the Prince Napoleon. The occasion was the Prince's speech at Ajaccio. On the 23d of May the Emperor addressed to his cousin the following letter:

"MONSIEUR AND DEAR COUSIN,—I can not refrain from informing you of the painful impression I have experienced on reading your speech at Ajaccio. In leaving you, during my absence, with the Empress and my son, as Vice-President of the Privy Council, I meant to give you a proof of my friendship and my confidence, and I hoped that your presence, your conduct, and your language would testify to the union which reigns in our family. But the political programme which you place under the ægis of the Emperor can only serve the enemies of my government. To judgments which I can not admit you add sentiments of hatred which belong no longer to our day. To apply the ideas of the Emperor to the present time it is necessary to have passed through the stern trials of responsibility and power. And, besides, are we really capable, pigmies as we are, of appreciating at its just value the grand, historical figure of Napoleon? As in standing before a colossal statue we are unable to view the whole at once, we only see the side which strikes our sight; hence the incompleteness of the reproduction and the divergence of opinions. But what is clear to the eyes of every one is, that, to prevent anarchy in men's minds—that formidable enemy of true liberty—the Emperor had established, first in his family and afterward in his government, that severe discipline which admitted but one will and one action. I can not henceforth deviate from the same rule of conduct. Whereon, Monsieur and dear cousin, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping. NAPOLEON."

To which the Prince replied as follows:

"SIRE,—In consequence of your Majesty's letter of May 23, and its publication in the *Moniteur* of this morning, I resign the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council, and also the Presidency of the Universal Exhibition of 1867.

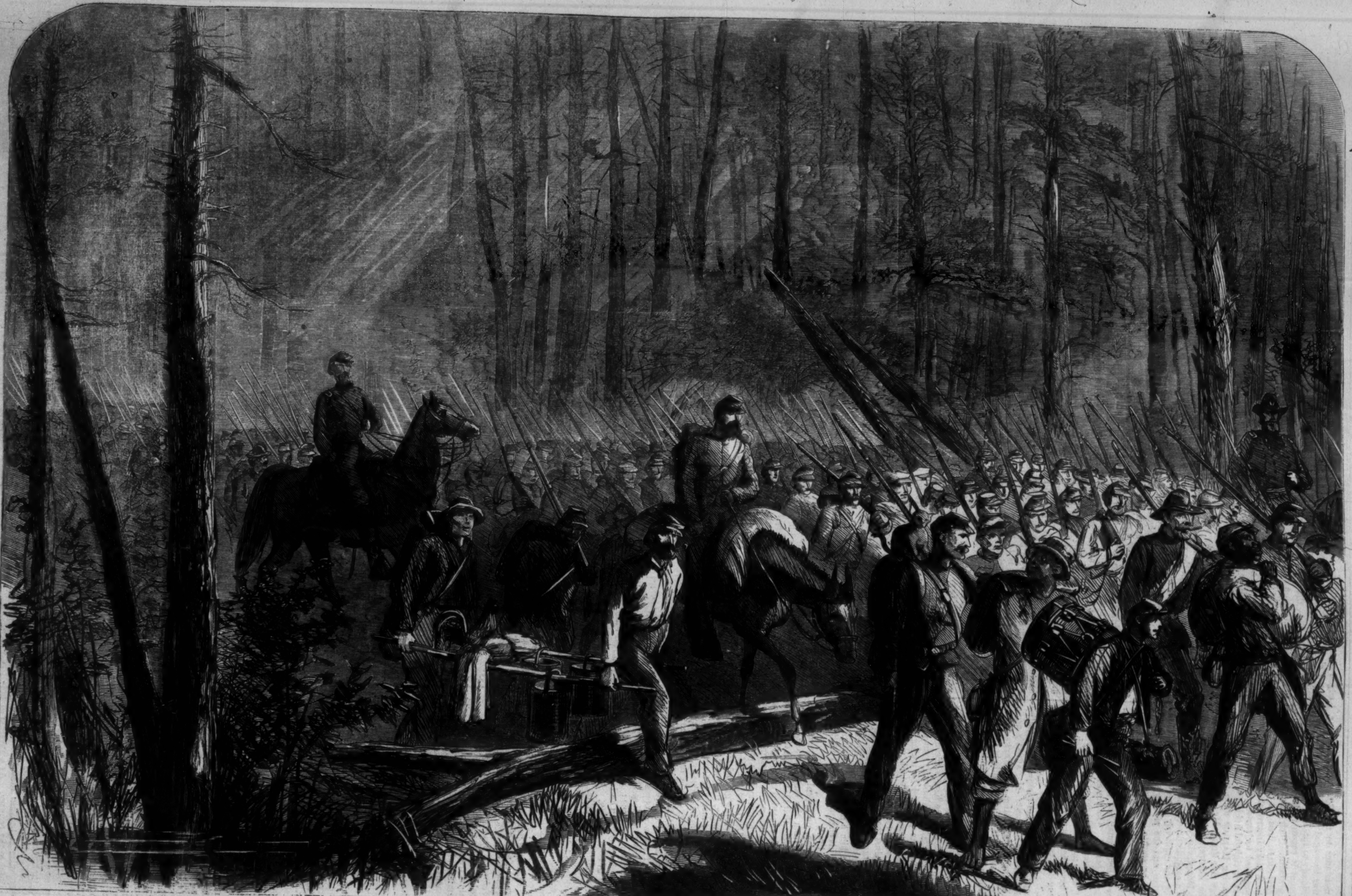
"Accept, Sire, the homage of the profound and respectful attachment with which I am, of your Majesty, the most devoted cousin, NAPOLEON (JEROME).

"PALAIS ROYAL, *May 27, 1865.*"

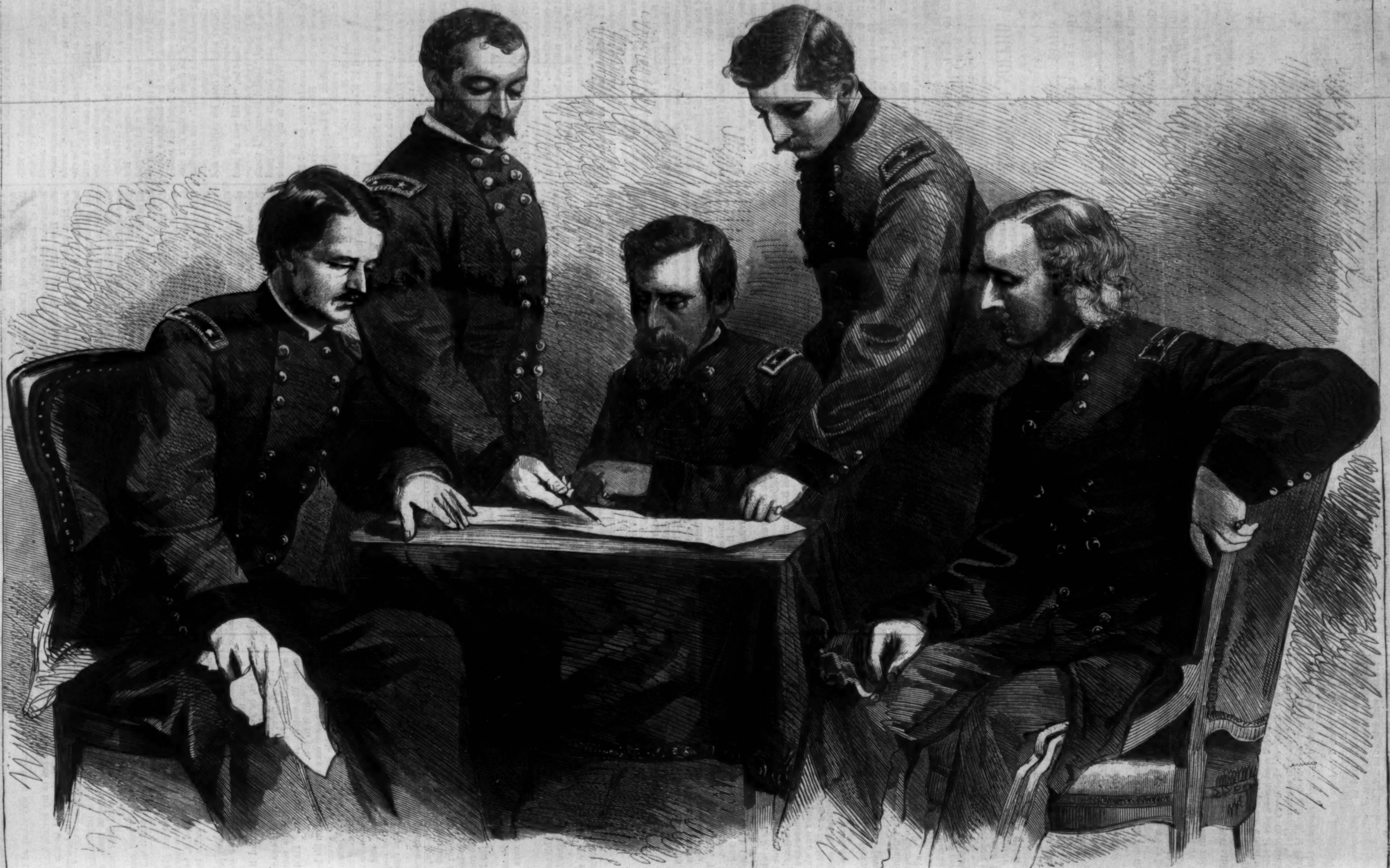
The Prince, undaunted at his cousin's displeasure, has published the Ajaccio speech as a pamphlet.

The French Government has prohibited the proposed presentation of a medal to Mrs. Lincoln.

On the 3d instant the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a son.



'JOHNNIE COMES MARCHING HOME."—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.]


Merritt.
Sheridan.
Crook.
Forsyth.
Custer.

SHERIDAN AND HIS GENERALS.—[Photographed by Gardner, and Published by Philp & Solomons, Washington, D C.]

OUR LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

LIEUTENA -GENERAL GRANT visited the Military Academy West Point on the 8th of June. There were man interesting incidents connected with this visit; but at which was the most moving of all was the interview between Generals GRANT and SCOTT at the zzens Hotel. The visit to General SCOTT took p e at one o'clock P.M. The Lieutenant-General had sp t two hours in the library of the Academy, where he had been receiving congratulations and making young ladies happy with a shake of the hand or an autograph. But now the business before him was of a far different sort. General SCOTT, to give the hero a fitting reception, had attired himself in a handsome dress-coat of blue, with yellow silk lapels and golden buttons. The rest of his dress was that of a citizen, except that his white Marseilles vest was buttoned with the regulation eagle.

General GRANT alighted from his carriage and seized the hand of General SCOTT.

"General SCOTT," said he, "I bid you all good wishes. I am pleased to see you well."

"And you, General," replied SCOTT, "I thank God that you have passed through so much peril and glory unharmed. Welcome to my bachelor home!"

Then the two officers, arm in arm, entered the drawing-room of the hotel. Here the younger, as the guest of the older, partook of a hospitable repast, conversing with the veteran hero, giving and receiving honor. At the close of the interview General GRANT returned in his carriage to West Point.

This interview will be recorded in history as a very memorable event. General SCOTT is a native of Virginia, and was born near Petersburg—the scene of GRANT'S final victories. In the meeting between these two the Past joined hands with the Present: the unostentatious, earnest young hero of the West hailed the more stately Virginian veteran; victory over treason reached back to and joined hands with victory over the alien foes of the Republic.

GOVERNOR W. W. HOLDEN.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S policy in regard to the State of North Carolina is an indication of his general policy of reconstruction, and is therefore worthy of the most careful attention. The President takes the ground that the rebellion has deprived the people of North Carolina of all civil government, and as the United States Government is under a solemn constitutional obligation to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, he therefore appoints a Provisional Governor whose duty it shall be, at the earliest period, to prescribe such rules and regulations as may be necessary and proper for convening a convention, composed of delegates to be chosen by the loyal people of the State. In order to become either an elector or a member of this convention the subscription to the amnesty oath is necessary. This oath binds those taking it to support and defend the Constitution of the United States, the union of the States, and all the laws and proclamations made during the rebellion in relation to the emancipation of slaves.

The person chosen by the President as Provisional Governor of North Carolina is WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, previously known as the editor of the *Raleigh Progress*. Most important is the office to which Mr. HOLDEN has been assigned. It is beset with many difficulties. The State of North Carolina appears to be rent with factions, and Mr. HOLDEN will find that many of these are hostile to him. His course must be firm or his administration will prove a failure. It is evident, however, that President JOHNSON has confidence in Mr. HOLDEN'S ability to meet the emergencies of the crisis.

Like the President himself, Mr. HOLDEN has risen from among the people. His instincts are all republican. He lays the crime of the recent rebellion to the charge of the Southern aristocracy. Mr. HOLDEN'S past record is one which in many important respects is favorable. We sincerely hope that he will win for himself the enviable glory of having saved his State from political traitors, and of having secured equal justice to all its citizens whether high or low, whether white or black.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ERECTHEUM.

"No, by Jove, Brandon, not a bit of a snob! As green as an Arcadian, but no more of a snob than—"

Sir Charles Burgoyne was going to say, "than you are;" but he changed his mind, and said, instead:

"—than Castletowers himself."

"I call any man a snob who quotes Bion and Moschus in his familiar talk," replied the other, all unconscious of his friend's hesitation. "How the deuce is one to remember any thing about Bion and Moschus? and what right has he to make a fellow look like a fool?"

"Unfeeling, I admit," replied Sir Charles, languidly.

"I hate your learned people," said Brandon, irritably. "And I hate parvenus. Ignorant parvenus are bad enough; but learned parvenus are the worst of all. He's both—hang him!"

"Hang him, by all means!" said another young man, approaching the window at which the two were standing. "May I ask who he is, and what he has done?"

It was in one of the princely reading-rooms of the Erectheum Club, Pall Mall. The two first speakers were the Honorable Edward Brandon, third and youngest son of Hardicanute, fourteenth Earl of Ipswich, and Sir Charles Burgoyne, Baronet, of the Second Life Guards. There are men whom nature seems to have run up by contract, and the Honorable Edward Brandon was one of them. He was just like one of those slight, unsubstantial, fashionable houses that spring up every day like mushrooms about Bayswater and South Kensington, and are hired under the express condition of never being danced in. He was very young, very tall, and as economically supplied with brain and muscle as a man could well be. The very smallest appreciable weight of knowledge would have broken down his understanding at any moment; and his little ornaments of manner were all in the flimsiest modern taste and of the merest stucco. He "dipped" occasionally into *Bell's Life* and the *Court Circular*. He had read half of the first volume of Mr. Soapey Sponge's Sporting Tour. He played croquet pretty well, and billiards very badly, and was saturated through and through with smoke, like a Finnan haddock.

Sir Charles Burgoyne was a man of a very different stamp. He was essentially one of a class; but then, ethnologically speaking, his class was many degrees higher than that of Mr. Brandon. He was better built, and better furnished. He rode well; was a good shot; played a first-rate game at billiards; was gifted with a certain lazy impertinence of speech and manner that passed for wit, and was so effeminately fair of complexion and regular of feature that he was popularly known among his brother officers as the Beauty.

The last comer—short, sallow, keen-eyed, somewhat flippant in his address and showy in his attire—was Laurence Greatorex, Esquire, only son, heir, and partner of Sir Samuel Greatorex, Knight, the well-known banker and alderman, of Lombard Street, City.

"Hang him, by all means!" said this gentleman, with charming impartiality. "Who is he? and what has he done?"

"We were speaking of the new member," replied Brandon.

"What, Crœsus Trefalden? Pshaw! the man's an outer barbarian. What social enormity has he been committing now?"

"He's been offending Brandon's delicate sense of propriety by quoting Greek," said the Beauty.

"Greek! Unpardonable offense! What shall we do to him? Muzzle him?"

"Condemn him to feed on Greek roots for the term of his natural life, like Timon of Athens," suggested the Beauty, lazily.

"He's little better than a savage, as it is," said Mr. Greatorex, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "He knows nothing of life, and cares nothing for it either. Last Tuesday, when all the fellows were wild about the great fight down at Barney's Croft, he sat and read Homer, as if it were the news of the day. He's an animated anachronism—that's what he is, Sir Charles."

"Who the deuce is he?" ejaculated Brandon. "Where does he come from?"

"Heaven knows. His father was a black letter folio, I believe, and his mother a palimpsest."

"You're too witty to-day, Mr. Greatorex," sneered Burgoyne.

"Then he's so offensively rich! Why, he put down a thousand yesterday for Willis's subscription. There's his name at the head of the list. Makes us look rather small—eh?"

"Confound his assurance!" broke out Brandon. "He's not been here much more than a week. What's Willis to him, that he should give more than the oldest members of the club?"

"Well, it's a munificent donation," said the Guardsman, good-naturedly.

"Munificent! Hang his munificence! I suppose the members of the Erectheum can pension off a secretary, who has served them for fifteen years, without the help of a thousand pounds from a puppy like that!"

"Your virtuous indignation, Brandon, is quite refreshing," said Burgoyne. "How long have *you* been here, for instance? Half a year?"

"It was in bad taste, any how," said Greatorex; "deuced bad taste. It's always the way with your nouveaux riches. A man who had been wealthy all his life would have known better."

"Yourself, par exemple," retorted the Guardsman, insolently.

"Just so, Sir Charles; but then I'm to the money-market born, so hardly a case in point."

"Where did this Trefalden get his fortune?" asked Brandon. "I've heard that some fellow left it to him a hundred years ago, and that it has been accumulating ever since; but that's nonsense, of course."

"Sounds like a pecuniary version of the Sleeping Beauty," observed the baronet, parent ·tically.

"I know no more than you do, Mr. Brand n," replied Greatorex. "I have heard only the c nmon story of how this money has been lying a compound interest for a century or more, and h devolved to our pre-Adamite friend at last, b ·aging him as many millions as he has fingers. S ne say double that sum; but ten are enough fo my credulity."

"Does he bank with Sir Samuel?" asked B ndon.

"No. Our shop lies too far east for him, I su ect. He has taken his millions to Drumm l's. By-the-way, Sir Charles, what have yo decided upon doing with that brown mare of urs? You seemed half inclined to part fro her a few days ago."

"You mean the Lady of Lyons?"

" do."

" Sold her, Mr. Greatorex."

"Sold her, Sir Charles?"

"Yes—cab and all."

The banker turned very red, and bit his lip.

"Would it be a liberty to ask the name of the purchaser?" said he.

"Perhaps it would," replied the Guardsman. "But I don't mind telling you. It's Mr. Trefalden."

"Trefalden! Then, upon my soul, Sir Charles, it's too bad! I'm sorry to hear it. I am, indeed. I had hoped—in fact, I had expected—upon my soul, I had expected, Sir Charles, that you would have given me the opportunity. Money would have been no object. I would have given a fancy price for that mare with pleasure."

"Thank you, I did not want a fancy price," replied the Guardsman, haughtily.

"Besides, if you'll excuse me, Sir Charles, I must say I don't think it was quite fair either."

"Fair," echoed Burgoyne. "Really, Mr. Greatorex, I do not apprehend your meaning."

"Well, you know, Sir Charles, I spoke first; and as for Crœsus Trefalden, who scarcely knows a horse from a buffalo—"

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden is the friend of Lord Castletowers," interrupted Burgoyne, still more haughtily, "and I was very happy to oblige him."

If Sir Charles Burgoyne had not been a baronet, a guardsman, and a member of the Erectheum club, it is possible that Mr. Greatorex, of Lombard Street, would have given him the retort uncourteous; but, as matters stood, he only grew a little redder; looked at his watch in some confusion, and prudently swallowed his annoyance.

"Oh, of course—in that case," stammered he—"Lord Castletowers being your friend, I have nothing more to say. Do you go down to his place in Surrey next week, by-the-by?"

"Do *you?*" said Burgoyne, smoothing his flaxen mustache, and looking down at the small city man with half-closed eyes.

"I hope so, since his lordship has been kind enough to invite me; but we are so deucedly busy in Lombard Street just now that—pshaw! twelve o'clock already, and I am due in the city at twenty minutes past. Not a moment to lose. 'I know a bank,' et cetera—but there's no wild time there for any body between twelve and three! Good-morning, Mr. Brandon. Good-morning, Sir Charles."

The baronet bent his head about a quarter of an inch, and almost before the other was out of hearing, said,

"That man is bourgeois to the tips of his fingers, and insufferably familiar. Why do you tolerate him, Brandon?"

"Oh, he's not a bad fellow," replied Brandon.

"He's a snob, pur et simple—a snob, with the wardrobe of a tailor's assistant and the manners of a valet. You called young Trefalden a snob just now, and I told you it was a mistake. Apply the title to this little money-jobber and I won't contradict you. The fact is, Brandon, I abominate him! I wish it was possible to blackball him out of the club. If I'd been in town when he was proposed, I'll be hanged if he should have ever got in. I can't think what you fellows were about to admit him!"

Charley Burgoyne was a lazy man—for him this was a very long and energetic speech. But the Honorable Edward Brandon only shook his head in a helpless, irritable way, and repeated his former assertion.

"I tell you, Burgoyne," he said, "Greatorex isn't a bad fellow."

Sir Charles Burgoyne shrugged his shoulders and yawned.

"Oh, very well," he replied. "Have it your own way. I hate argument."

"Castletowers likes him," said the young man. "Castletowers asks him down to Surrey, you see."

"Castletowers is too good-natured by half."

"And Vaughan—"

"Vaughan owes him money, and just endures him."

The Honorable Edward Brandon rubbed his head all over, looking more helpless and more irritable than before. It was a very small head, and there was very little in it.

"Confound him!" groaned he. "He has taken up paper of mine too. I *must* be civil to him."

Sir Charles Burgoyne gave utterance to a dismal whistle; thrust his hands deep down into his pockets; and said nothing.

"What else can I do?" said Brandon.

"Pay him."

"You might as well tell me to eat him!"

"Nonsense. Borrow the money from somebody else."

"I wish I could. I wish I knew whom to ask. I should be so very grateful, you know. It's only two hundred and fifty."

And the young fellow stared hard at the guardsman, who stared just as hard at the Duke of York's column over the way.

"You can't suggest any one?" he continued, after a moment.

"I, my dear fellow? Diable! I haven't an idea."

"You—couldn't manage it for me yourself, I suppose?"

Sir Charles Burgoyne took his hands from his pockets, and his hat from a neighboring peg.

"Edward Brandon," he said, impressively, "I'm as poor as Saint Simeon Stylites."

"Never heard of the fellow in my life," said Brandon, peevishly. "Who is he?"

"My dear boy, your religious education has been neglected. Look for him in your Catechism, and, 'when found, make a note of.'"

"I'll tell you what it is, Burgoyne," said Brandon, suspicious of "chaff," and, like all weak people when they are out of temper, slightly spiteful—"poor or not poor, you're a clever fellow at a bargain. Talk of you're not wanting a fancy price, indeed! What's five hundred guineas if it's not a fancy price, I should like to know?"

"Mon enfant, you know nothing about it," said the Guardsman placidly.

"I know it was an awful lot too much for that mare and cab."

"The mare and cab were dirt cheap at the money."

"Cheap! cheap—when to my certain knowledge you only gave a hundred and twenty for the Lady of Lyons, and have had the best part of two seasons out of her since!"

The Beauty listened with an imperturbable smile, drew on his gloves, buttoned them, adjusted his hat, and, having done all these things with studied deliberation, replied:

"My dear Brandon, I really envy your memory. Cultivate it, my good fellow, and it will be a credit to you. Au revoir."

With this he went over to the nearest glass, corrected the tie of his cravat, and sauntered toward the door. He had not reached it, however, when he paused, turned, and came back again.

"By-the-by," said he, "if you're in any present difficulty, and actually want that two hundred and fifty—*do* you want it?"

"Oh, by Jove, don't I! Never wanted it so much in my life."

"Well, then, there's Trefalden. He's as rich as the Bank of England, and flings his money about like water. Ask him, Brandon. He'll be sure to lend it to you. Vale."

And the baronet once more turned on his heel, leaving his irritable young friend to swear off his indignation as best he could. Whereupon the Honorable Edward Brandon, addressing himself apparently to the Duke of York upon his column, did swear with "bated breath" and remarkable fluency; rubbed his head frantically, 'till he looked like an electrical doll; and finally betook himself to the billiard room.

When they were both gone, a gentleman who had been sitting in the adjoining window, intrenched behind, and apparently absorbed in, the *Times* of the day, laid his paper aside; entered a couple of names in his pocket-book, smiling quietly the while; and then left the room. He paused on his way out to speak to the hall porter.

"I have waited for Mr. Trefalden," he said, "till I can wait no longer. You are sure he has not gone up stairs?"

"Quite sure, Sir."

"Be so good, then, as to give him this card, and say, if you please, that I will call upon him at his chambers to-morrow."

The porter laid the card aside with the new member's letters, of which there were several. It bore the name of William Trefalden.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAXON AT HOME.

"MR. TREFALDEN."

This announced by a stately valet, who received him with marked condescension in the ante-chamber, and even deigned to open the door of the reception-room beyond, Mr. Trefalden passed into his cousin's presence. He was not alone. Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne were there; Lord Castletowers leaning familiarly over the back of Saxon's chair, dictating the words of a letter which Saxon was writing; Sir Charles Burgoyne extended at full length on a sofa, smoking a cigarette with his eyes closed. Both visitors were obviously as much at home as if in their own chambers. They had been breakfasting with Saxon, and the table was yet loaded with pâtés, coffee, liqueurs, and all the luxurious et ceteras of a second déjûner.

Saxon flung away his pen, sprang forward, seized his cousin by both hands, and poured forth a torrent of greetings.

"How good of you to come," he exclaimed, "after having taken the trouble to go yesterday to the club! I was so sorry to miss you! I meant to hunt you up this very afternoon in Chancery Lane. I have been an ungrateful fellow not to do so a week ago, and I'm sure I don't know how to excuse myself. I've thought of you, cousin William, every day."

"I should have been sorry to bring you into the dingy atmosphere of the City," said Mr. Trefalden, pleasantly. "I had far rather see you thus, enjoying the good things which the gods have provided for you."

And with this Mr. Trefalden shook hands with Lord Castletowers, hoped Lady Castletowers was well, bowed to Sir Charles Burgoyne, and dropped into an easy-chair.

"You were writing," he said, "when I came in. Pray go on."

Saxon blushed scarlet.

"Oh no," he said, shyly, "the letters can wait."

"So can I—and smoke a cigar in the mean while."

"They—that is, Lord Castletowers was helping me to write them—telling me what to say, in fact. He calls me 'The Impolite Letter Writer,' and says I must learn to turn fine phrases, and say the elegant things that nobody means."

"The things that nobody means are the things that every body likes," said the Earl.

"I have often wished," said Burgoyne, from the sofa, "that some clever person would write a hand-book of civil speeches—a sort of 'Ready Liar,' you know, or 'Perjurer's Companion.' It would save a fellow so much trouble!"

"I wish there were such a book, if only to teach *you* better manners," retorted Castletowers.

"I don't pretend to have the manners of a lord," said the Beauty, languidly.

"If you were the lord of my manors, you wouldn't have many to boast of," replied Castletowers, with a light-hearted laugh.

Burgoyne opened his eyes and took the cigarette from his mouth.

"Listen to this fellow!" said he, "this bloated capitalist, who talks like a Diogenes turned out of his tub! Castletowers, I am ashamed of you."

"Compare me to Diogenes, if you like," replied the Earl; "but to a Diogenes who has a dear old Elizabethan tub still left, thank Heaven! and a few old oaks to shelter it. Few enough and old enough, more's the pity!"

"And I," said Burgoyne, with a yawn, "haven't a stick of timber left, barring my genealogical tree. My last oaks vanished in the last Derby."

The Earl looked at his watch.

"If this note is to be delivered by two o'clock," said he, "it must be finished at once; and since Mr. Trefalden gives us leave—"

"I do not only give leave," said Mr. Trefalden. "I entreat."

Saxon took up his pen, and, pointing to a heap of notes on the mantle-shelf, said:

"You will find one there for yourself," cousin William; and you must be sure to come."

"Invitations, young man?"

"Yes, to a dinner at Richmond, next Saturday."

Mr. Trefalden put the note in his pocket unopened; smoked away with a quiet, meditative smile; and took a leisurely survey of the room as the dictation proceeded. Not one of its multitudinous details escaped him—not one but told him some anecdote of the last ten days of Saxon's new life. There were several pictures standing about on chairs, or leaning against the walls. Some were painted in oils and some in water colors, and nearly all were views in Switzerland. There were piles of new music; stacks of costly books in rich bindings; boxes of cigars and gloves; a bust of Shakspeare in marble; a harmonium; a cabinet of Florentine mosaic-work; a marvelous Etruscan vase on a pedestal of verde antico; a couple of silver-mounted rifles; a side-board loaded with nick-nacks in carved ivory, crystal, silver filagree, and egg-shell china; and a sofa-table heaped with notes, visiting cards, loose silver, and tradesmen's bills. On the chimney-piece stood a pair of bronze tazzas, a silver inkstand with a little Cupid perched upon the lid, and a giallo model of the Parthenon. A gold-headed riding-whip and a pair of foils lay on the top of the harmonium, and a faded bouquet in a tumbler occupied a bracket, from which a French pendule had been ignominiously displaced. William Trefalden was an observant man, and drew his inferences from these trifles. He found out that his young Arcadian was learning to ride, fence, make acquaintances, and spend his money royally. Above all, he took note of the bouquet on the bracket. There was nothing remarkable about it. It was just like five hundred other bouquets that one sees in the course of a season: and yet Mr. Trefalden looked at it more than once, and smiled under cover of a cloud of smoke each time that he did so.

"*—and that you will permit me to have the great pleasure of driving you down in the afternoon,*" said Lord Castletowers, dictating over Saxon's shoulder.

"Drive her down!" echoed the scribe, in dismay. "*I* drive her from London to Richmond?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"I can't. I don't drive well enough. I have never driven any thing but an old blind mare in a rickety Swiss charette, in my life. I should break her neck and my own too!"

"Oh, never mind. You can give the reins to Burgoyne or to me. It doesn't matter."

"Then how shall I put it? Shall I say '*and that you will permit Lord Castletowers to have the pleasure of—*'"

"Nonsense! Write what I told you at first, and leave me to arrange it when it comes to the point."

Saxon shook his head.

"No, no," said he. "I must not ask to be allowed the pleasure of driving her down when I know all the time I am not going to do any thing of the sort. It wouldn't be true."

A faint blush mounted to the Earl's honest brow; but Sir Charles Burgoyne smiled compassionately.

"Suppose, now," said Saxon, "that I tell her I've bought a new mail phaeton, and hope she will accept a seat in it on Saturday—will that do?"

"Famously. She'll of course conclude that you drive, and the rest is easily managed when the time comes. Let's see how it reads—hum—'*which I trust you will honor with your presence; also that you will permit me to offer you a seat in my mail phaeton, if the day be fine enough for my friends to drive out in open carriages.*'"

"*Open carriages,*" repeated Saxon, as his pen traveled to the end of the sentence. "Any thing more?"

"No; I think that is enough."

"Then I only add—'*yours very truly, Saxon Trefalden,*' I suppose?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Isn't it polite enough?" asked Saxon, laughing.

"Polite enough! Didn't I tell you half an hour ago that to be commonly polite is nothing in a case like this? You must approach her on your knees, my dear fellow, and offer up your little Richmond dinner as if it were a burnt sacrifice to the immortal gods! Say—'*Condescend, madam, to accept my respectful homage, and allow me to subscribe myself, with the profoundest admiration, your obedient and faithful servant, Saxon Trefalden.*' That's the way to put it, Burgoyne?"

"Oh, unquestionably," yawned that gentleman. "You can't crowd too much sail."

"May I inquire to which Princess of the Blood Royal this letter is addressed?" asked Mr. Trefalden.

"To a far greater She than any princess," replied Castletowers. "To the prima donna of the season—to the Graziana herself!"

Mr. Trefalden slightly elevated his eyebrows on receiving this tremendous information, but said nothing.

"And she's the grandest creature!" ejaculated Saxon, now folding and sealing his note. "Burgoyne introduced me to her last night, behind the scenes. You can't think what a gracious manner she has, cousin William!"

"Really?"

"She gave me that bouquet up there—it had just been thrown to her."

"How condescending!"

"Wasn't it? and I such an utter stranger—a nobody, you know! I felt, I assure you, as if I were in the presence of Juno herself. There, the note's quite ready."

And Saxon, all unconscious of the faint touch of sarcasm in his cousin's voice, lifted up his bright young face with a smile of boyish exultation and rang the bell.

"Gillingwater, send Curtis at once with this note, and tell him to wait for an answer. Any body here?"

"Young man from Facet and Carat's, Sir, with case of jules. Young man from Cartridge and Trigger's, with harms. Passle from Colnaghi's; passle from Breidenback's; passle from Fortnum and Mason's; passle from Crammer and Beale's," replied Saxon's magnificent valet.

"The parcels can wait. The messengers may come in?"

Mr. Gillingwater retired, and the "young men" were immediately ushered in; one with a small mahogany box under his arm, the other carrying a still smaller morocco case. The first contained a brace of costly inlaid pistols; the second, three bracelets of different designs.

"By Jove, what pistols!" exclaimed Castletowers. "Look here, Burgoyne, did you ever see such finish?"

"Never. They might be worn by the sultan."

"They are exact fac-similes of those made for His Highness the Maharajah of Jubblepore," observed the messenger.

Sir Charles examined the weapons with the interest of a connoisseur.

"What a Bashaw you are, Trefalden!" he said. "We shall have you cantering down Rotten Row on a white elephant before long. These are really the most gorgeous pistols I have seen. Who are the bangles for? The Graziana?"

"One of them, if—

"If what?"

"If you think she would not be offended."

"Offended, my dear fellow! Is pussy offended if you offer her a cup of milk? or Carlo, if you present him with a bone?"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, quite shocked at the levity of these comparisons.

"I mean that every woman would sell her soul for a handful of diamonds and an ounce of wrought gold, and that our fair friend is no exception to the rule. What put it into your head, Trefalden, to give her a bracelet?"

"It was Mr. Greatorex's idea."

"Humph! Just like him. Greatorex has such generous impulses—at other peoples' expense!"

"I was very much obliged to him for thinking of it," said Saxon, somewhat warmly. "As I am to any friend who is kind enough to tell me what the customs of society are," he added, more gently.

"They are very beautiful bracelets, all three of them," said Lord Castletowers.

"That's right. Which shall I take?"

"The garter set with rubies," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"The snake with the diamond head," said the Earl.

"The opals and diamonds," said William Trefalden.

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

If you each give me different advice," said he, "what am I to do?"

"Choose for yourself," replied his cousin.

And so Saxon, very diffidently and hesitatingly, chose for himself, and took the one his cousin had preferred.

"And pray what may be the cost of this magnificent trifle?" asked Mr. Trefalden, when the choice was made, and the messengers had made their bows and vanished.

"I have no idea," replied Saxon.

"Do you mean that you have bought it without having made any inquiry as to its price?"

"Of course."

"Pray do you never inquire before you purchase?"

"Never. Why do you smile?"

"Because I fear your tradesmen will charge you at any fabulous rate they please."

"Why, so they could in any case? What do I know, for instance, of opals and diamonds, except that the opal is a hydrate of silica, and the diamond a compound of charcoal and oxygen? They might ask me what price they pleased for this bracelet, and I, in my ignorance of its value, should buy it just the same."

"It is well for you, Trefalden, that you have the purse of Fortunatus to dip your hand into," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"But even Fortunatus must take care that his purse has no hole in the bottom of it," added Mr. Trefalden. "You are a bad financier, my dear Saxon; and you and I must have a little practical conversation some day on these matters. By-the-way, I have really some business points to discuss with you. When can you give up an hour or two to pure and unmixed boredom?"

"When you please, cousin William."

"Well—this evening?"

"This evening, unfortunately, I have promised to dine at the club with Greatorex, and two or three others, and we are going afterward to the opera."

"To-morrow evening, then?"

"And to-morrow my new phaeton is coming home, and we are going in it to Blackwell—Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne, I mean."

"Then, on Saturday—"

"On Saturday, I hope you will join us at Richmond. Don't forget it, cousin William. You have the note, you know, in your pocket."

Mr. Trefalden smiled somewhat gravely.

"Are you already such an epicurean that you want the traditional skeleton at your feast?" said he. "No, no, Saxon. I am a man of business, and have no leisure for such symposia. You must dispense with my grim presence—and I, apparently, must dispense with yours. I had no notion that you were such a man of fashion as to have all your evenings engaged in this manner."

"I can't think how it is," replied Saxon, in some confusion. "I certainly have made more appointments than I was aware of. My friends are so kind to me, and plan so many things to give me pleasure, that—will Sunday do, cousin William? You might come up here and dine with me; or we might—"

"I am always engaged on Sundays," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"Then on Monday?"

"Yes, I can see you on Monday, if you will really be at leisure."

"Of course, I will be at leisure."

"But you must come to me. I shall be very busy, and can only see you after office hours."

"I will come to you, cousin, at any time you please," said Saxon, earnestly.

"At eight in the evening?"

"At eight."

Mr. Trefalden entered the hour and date in his pocket-book, and rose to take his leave.

"I had hoped that you would spare me a day or two next week, Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, as they shook hands at parting. "Your cousin has promised to come down, and we have some private theatricals coming off; and a breath of country air would do you good before the summer sets in."

But Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I thank you, Lord Castletowers," he replied; "but it is impossible. I am as firmly chained to Chancery Lane for the next five months as any galley-slave to his oar."

"But, my dear Sir, is it worth any man's while to be a galley-slave if he can help it?" asked the Earl.

"Perhaps. It depends on the motive; and self-imposed chains are never very heavy to the wearer."

And with this Mr. Trefalden bowed to both gentlemen, and left the room, followed by his cousin.

"That's a quiet, deep fellow," said Burgoyne, lazily.

"He is a very gentlemanly, pleasant, clever man," replied the Earl, "and has been our solicitor for years."

"I don't like him."

"You don't know him."

"True—do you?"

Lord Castletowers hesitated.

"Well, upon my soul," laughed he, "I can not say that I do, personally. But as I tell you, he is my solicitor, and I like him. I only speak from my impressions."

"And I from mine. He is not my solicitor, and I don't like him. He thinks too much, and says too little."

In the mean while, Saxon was warmly wringing his cousin's hand at the door of the anteroom, and saying, in a low, earnest tone,

"Indeed you must not suppose I have become a man of fashion, or an epicurean, cousin William; or that I would not rather—far rather—spend an evening with you than at any of these fine places. I am so very sorry I can not come to you before Monday."

"Monday will be quite soon enough, my dear Saxon," replied Mr. Trefalden, kindly; "and I am glad to see you so well amused. At eight o'clock then?"

"Yes, at eight. You will see how punctual I shall be—and you must give me some good advice, cousin William, and always tell me of my faults—won't you?"

"Humph! That will depend on circumstances and yourself. In the mean while, don't buy any more diamond bracelets without first inquiring the price."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A MODERN MIRACLE.—The *Pungolo*, of Milan, publishes an explanation of the miracle of the statue of the Magdalen, which stands in one of the most populous suburbs of that city, and which was in the habit of weeping from time to time on account of the impieties of the day. The authorities having caused the statue, formed of baked clay, to be examined, discovered in its interior a reservoir for water, intended to be heated. Whenever the clergy wished to make the Magdalen weep they had a fire lighted beneath the reservoir, which caused the hot water to evaporate and rise into the upper parts of the statue, and the steam there being condensed, was directed toward the eyes by means of pipes.

FORBIDDEN TOBACCO.—If tobacco have now intemperate devotees, at the outset it had intemperate enemies. King James the First's "Counterblast" is scarcely worth notice, because, had King Jamie been wise, he would not have thrown stones at tobacco nor at any thing else. Snuffing was the form of tobacco-taking which seems to have excited the greatest aversion. The Sultan Mohammed the Fourth, of all people in the world, prohibited it in his dominions under pain of death. The Grand Duke of Muscovy (Russia was not then what it is now) pitilessly hung every wretch who was caught in the fact of snuffing. The King of Persia commuted that punishment to the milder penalty of cutting off the snuffers' noses. James the First of England, and Christian the Fourth of Denmark, contented themselves with inflicting money fines or simple whippings. Pope Urban the Eighth issued a Bull excommunicating people who should indulge in snuff-taking in church. Deterrent stories are also told of people who had so dried up their brains by taking snuff that, after death, a little black lump was all that was found remaining in their skull.

EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE OF A HOUSE.—One of the most extraordinary accidents that has been recorded for many years past took place lately at Prince's Town, near the town of Tredegar, South Wales. A boy was passing along the road, when, as he was looking at a cottage inhabited by a man named Evan Jenkins and his family, he thought he observed a movement of part of the masonry. On watching it more narrowly he was satisfied that the frame-work of the window was sinking, and being apprehensive that the foundation of the structure was giving way he ran to the door and alarmed the inmates, who were seated round the table at breakfast. By this time the floor began to shake, and the terrified persons immediately ran into the road; and had scarcely done so when the house began to sink through the ground, and in a very short time was entirely out of sight, leaving the site upon which it had stood an open chasm filled to within some yards of the road with earth and stones which had fallen in from the sides. It would seem that the ground on which the cottage was raised stood over a disused colliery, and the earth must first have given way at a depth of fully a hundred feet below the surface. The escape of the family is looked upon as quite miraculous, as the whole of their furniture, and, indeed, every thing contained in their humble dwelling, was carried into the chasm beneath.

HOW TO BEGIN TO STUDY.—"Take nothing for granted" is a good maxim for beginners. Take nothing for granted which you can verify for yourself. It may be so, or it may not. Investigate, examine, dissect, analyze, and do not rest until you have proved the point. It may consume time in the present, but will save time in the future. Study nature rather than books, and things rather than words. Observe trifles, for nothing is so trifling as to be without importance. Cultivate a habit of making notes of your observations. Keep up a good resolution, have faith in the future, and work earnestly in the present, and already you will have learned "How to begin!"

A ROMANTIC SUICIDE.—A suicide from disappointment in love has just been committed by a young woman employed as saleswoman in a shop in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Before lighting a pan of charcoal, with which she put an end to her existence, she had decorated her room with flowers, and then dressed herself in white. When found she was lying on her bed, her hands folded on her breast, and her countenance bearing a look so placid that she might have been supposed to be sleeping. She had written a letter to her mother asking for forgiveness, and stating the motive which had prompted her suicide.

IT is tolerably well known that the inside sheets of many provincial English newspapers are written and printed in London, at a charge of so much per hundred—the same sheet appearing in different parts of the country under different titles, and figuring in Whig and Tory journals with like indifference. A late manœuvre was the issuing of a trade miscellany of tales and poetry, which took its name from the grocer or cheesemonger who purchased so many dozen; but the last novelty, it appears, is that started by a Sheffield printer, who offers stereotyped columns of tales for newspapers and other serials at 2s. per foot—according to the length of the column.

PETROLEUM AS FUEL.—Petroleum has been used as a fuel by the French, Norwegians, and people round the Caspian Sea. As an illuminating agent it is fast supplanting vegetable and animal oils. The lamps of every considerable city in the world are being adapted to the use of it. Some believe that the slime which cemented the tower of Babel was partly coal tar. The walls of Babylon were smeared with it, and it is found in the Dead Sea which covers Sodom and Gomorrah. In Trinidad there is a lake of pure petroleum, and it is also found in Sicily, Italy, France, and England.

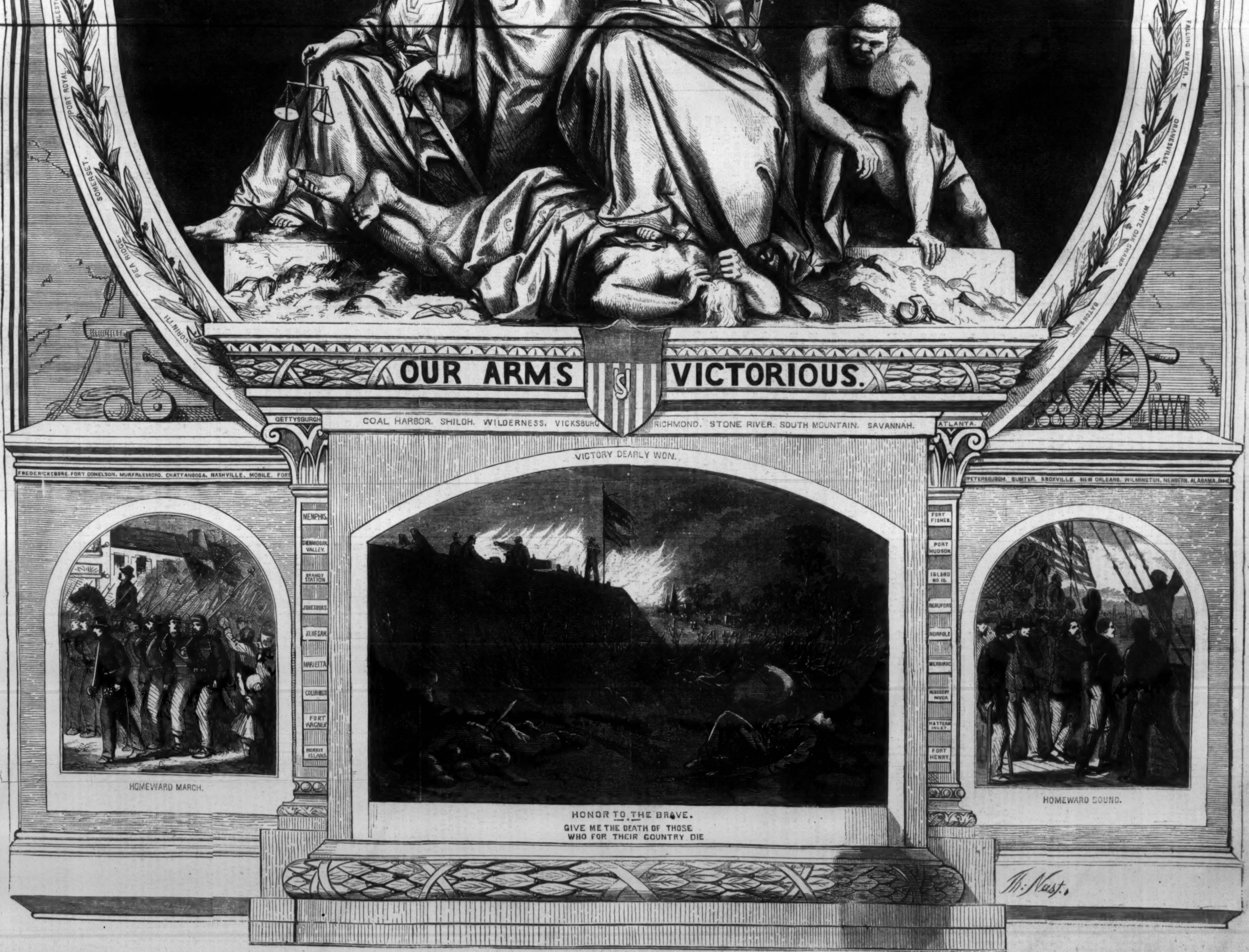
FIRES IN BEDROOMS.—Most people, even many intelligent reformers, have the idea that to sleep in a cold room is good—essential to health. It is an error. It is better to have an open fire in your bedroom. The atmosphere is not only by this means constantly changed, but with the fire you will keep the window open, which will add greatly to the needed ventilation. But more than this, with the fire you will have fewer bed-clothes over you, which is a gain, as a large number of blankets not only interferes somewhat with the circulation and respiration, but prevents the escape of those gases which the skin is constantly emitting. Even furnace or stove heat with an open window is better than a close, cold room.

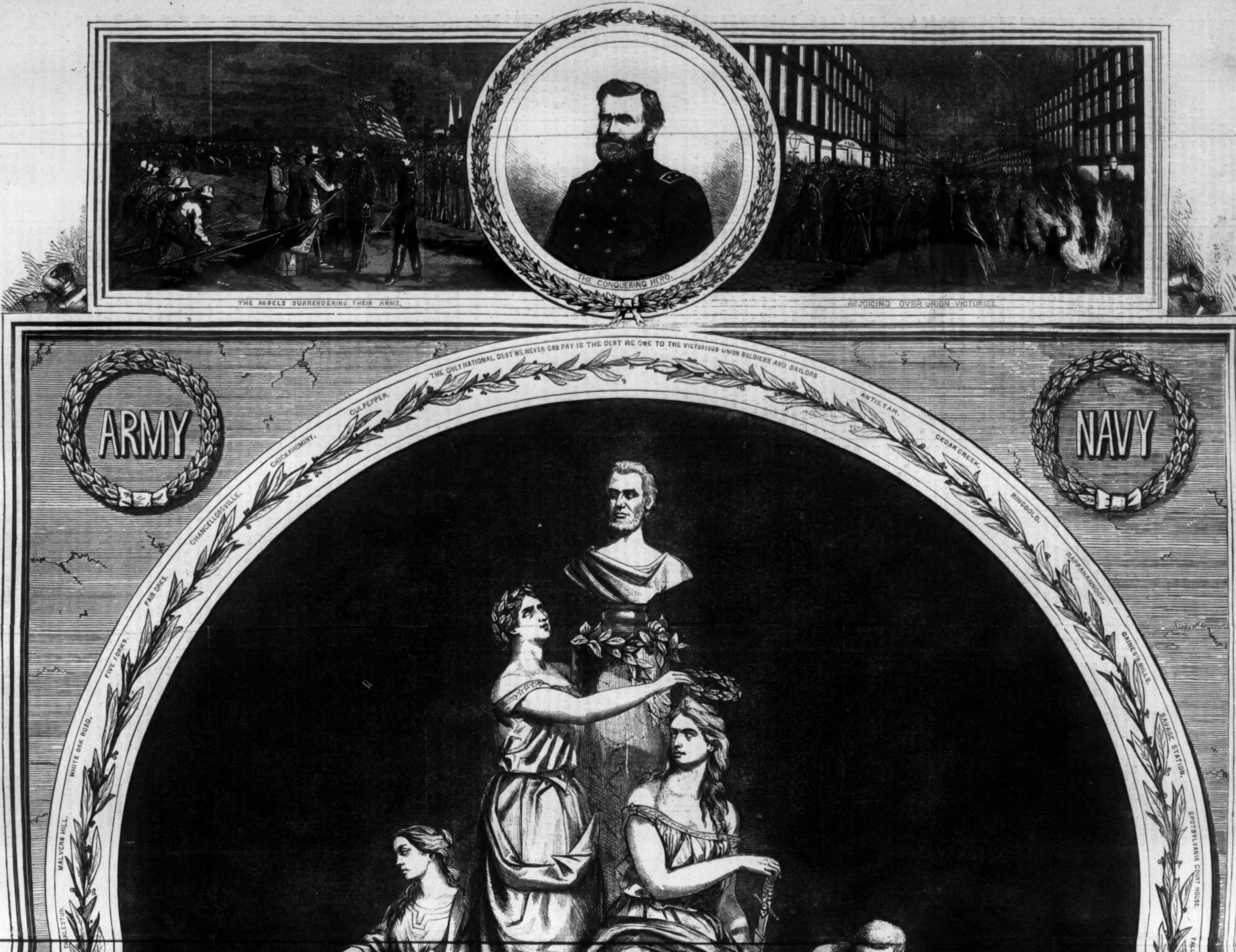
A POPULATION COLUMN.—For the benefit of those who discuss the subjects of population, war, pestilence, famine, etc., it may be as well to mention that the number of human beings living at the end of the hundredth generation, commencing from a single pair, doubling at each generation (say in 30 years), and allowing for each man, woman, and child an average space of four feet in height and one foot square, would form a vertical column, having for its base the whole surface of the earth and sea spread out into a plain, and for its height 3674 times the sun's distance from the earth. The number of human strata thus piled one on the other would amount to 460,790,000,000,000.

WHAT IS IN THE BEDROOM?—The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact which every body is vitally interested in, and which few properly appreciate. If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find that their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter, which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter or poisonous exhalations.

DON'T JUMP TO A CONCLUSION.—M. de Fonvielle, the special correspondent of the *Temps* in Algeria, says that, being in the streets of Algiers, and observing the young Bedouins of the Franco-Arab College, who were out for walking exercise, halt before a bookseller's shop and rush into it, he was curious to see what sort of books these children of the desert would buy. His astonishment was great at finding that every one of them bought a number of half-penny prints published in Paris called the *Petit Journal*, the editor of which signs the quaint name of "Timothy Trim." How marvelous, said he, are the ways of Providence! Who would have supposed that Timothy Trim was destined to be the agent of civilization for the regeneration of the Arab race and for inspiring young Mussulmans with a taste for French literature? Had M. de Fonvielle not watched the students a few minutes longer he would have carried away a very erroneous impression of their tastes; but, on coming out of the book-shop, he saw them precipitate themselves in a body into a grocer's opposite. There they laid out their pocket-money in figs, dates, and raisins; and it was to wrap up these delicacies, and not for reading purposes, that they had provided themselves with M. Timothy Trim's journal.

IN fashionable circles a good deal of amusement is created by a new custom which threatens altogether to supersede the old-fashioned album, which had got to be such a horrid bore. An elegant volume is sent you, entitled "Confessions," containing a series of questions to which you are to return an answer. The book thus filled affords your friends a considerable amount of amusement. The questions thus asked are as follows: Your favorite virtues; your favorite qualities in man; ditto in woman; your favorite occupation; your chief characteristic; your idea of happiness; your idea of misery; your favorite color and flower. If not yourself whom you would be; where you would like to live; your favorite prose authors; your favorite poets; your favorite painters and composers; your favorite heroes in real life; your favorite heroines in real life; your favorite heroes in fiction; your favorite heroines in fiction; your favorite food and drink; your favorite names; your pet aversions; what characters in history you most dislike; what your present state of mind is; for what fault you have most toleration; your favorite motto. Of course, a little flattery is allowable and expected. If a lady asks you where you would like to live, while the prosaic writes on "a gravel soil," the gay cavalier replies, "With you." He is also to be forgiven, if, in answer to the question of your idea of happiness, he replies, "To look at you;" or gives the lady's name, when asked his favorite name.


CORINTH.
PEA RIDGE.
SOMERSET.
PORT ROYAL.
CHARLEST
FALLING WATER. E.
DRANESVILLE.
WHITE OAK SWAMP.
BATON ROUGE.
OUR ARMS
VICTORIOUS.
US
GETTYSBURGH
COAL HARBOR. SHILOH. WILDERNESS. VICKSBURG
RICHMOND. STONE RIVER. SOUTH MOUNTAIN. SAVANNAH.
ATLANTA.
FREDERICKSBURG. FORT DONELSON. MURFREESBORO. CHATTANOOGA. NASHVILLE. MOBILE. FORT
PETERSBURGH. SUMTER. KNOXVILLE. NEW ORLEANS. WILMINGTON. NEWBERN. ALABAMA. (sed)
MEMPHIS.
SHENANDOAH VALLEY.
BRANDY STATION
JONESBORO.
KENESAW.
MARIETTA
COLUMBUS
FORT WAGNER
MORRIS ISLAND.
FORT FISHER.
PORT HUDSON.
ISLAND NO. 10.
BEAUFORT
NORFOLK
MERRIMAC
MISSISSIPPI RIVER.
HATTERAS INLET.
FORT HENRY.
VICTORY DEARLY WON.
HOMEWARD MARCH.
HONOR TO THE BRAVE.
GIVE ME THE DEATH OF THOSE
WHO FOR THEIR COUNTRY DIE
HOMEWARD BOUND.
Th: Nast.



THE REBELS SURRENDERING THEIR ARMS.

THE CONQUERING HERO.

REJOICING OVER UNION VICTORIES.

ARMY
NAVY
THE ONLY NATIONAL DEBT WE NEVER CAN PAY IS THE DEBT WE OWE TO THE VICTORIOUS UNION SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
CHARLESTON.
MALVERN HILL.
WHITE OAK ROAD.
FIVE FORKS.
FAIR OAKS.
CHANCELLORSVILLE.
CHICKAHOMINY.
CULPEPPER.
ANTIETAM.
CEDAR CREEK.
RINGGOLD.
RAPPAHANNOCK.
GAINES'S HILLS.
SAVAGE STATION.
SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

THE Spring of Love has its own delight;
 When shower and sun together
Bring leaves and grasses and posies bright;
 But 'tis marked by fickle weather.

The Summer of Love: I know its heat,
 Its passion, its glow, its glory,
When the blood is warm, and the pulse's beat
 Marks time to a musical story.
But people languish beneath the rays
 That burn too fierce, too fond;
Though June brings roses and balmy days,
 There are August days beyond.

The Autumn of Love, I used to vow,
 Was the fairest love of all;
When the ripe fruit comes, with its cheeks aglow,
 And the red leaves downward fall.
The dead leaves fall, but the evergreen wreaths
 Are beautiful still in their pride;
This love seems loyal—this ripe love breathes
 Of a faith and truth which abide.

But the Winter of Love is the choice of all;
 Oh, the Winter of Love give me!
When dear ones gather in parlor and hall,
 All under your own roof-tree.
The Winter of Love is the love, I ween,
 That speaks of a spirit rare;
The white pine stands in its kingliest green
 When the forest around is bare.

Then firesides glow and lamps burn bright,
 And the cold world's shut away!
Oh, Winter of Love, with your pure delight,
 You have passed the time of decay!
You have passed the Autumn of Love—and live!
 Fealty the best you bring:
The only change that the world can give
 Is the change for Endless Spring.

HOW MY HAIR BECAME GRAY.

I.

I WAS living with my aunt, Mrs. Osborne, who was a widow in very independent circumstances, and my father's only sister. At that time she resided at a beautiful place called Blackwater Lodge, on the river of the same name, and that was situated just outside, little more than a mile distant from, the romantic and beautiful town of M——, in the south of Ireland.

Our household at the lodge, at the date to which I refer, consisted of the house-maid, Susan, an excellent, good young woman, who was held in great esteem by my aunt, and was a special favorite of mine; the cook, Mrs. Gwynne, an old and faithful follower of the family; with Parks, the black, who had come over with me from abroad, and who, while my nurse returned to India, readily consented to engage in my aunt's service, and very soon settled down into the trusted domestic.

I can not say for myself that I ever cared very much for Parks; as a child, I know, I delighted in him; used to rub my hands through his wooly curls, and try to pull out the hairs, and often compelled him to submit to sundry ablutions on his face, to see if I could at all wash him white. As I passed into riper years I someway got to dislike Parks. His manner, though always respectful, was often moody and repellant; and probably Susan the house-maid's positive hatred of him, which she took no trouble to conceal, may have strengthened the feeling. One unfavorable phase of his character Susan constantly harped on—his extreme closeness.

"The old black screw; he'd boil his mother to make candles of the tallow!" she would say.

His wages were very liberal, and I knew were drawn to the day, and lodged in the bank, for I had heard aunt remark on this habit; and the housemaid often dwelt with irritation on all he'd squeeze out of his weekly allowance, and the meanness of his ways, she said, to save a half-penny. We had one other servant, an outside man, who did up the horses, took care of yard and stables, and occasionally worked in the garden, with a helper under him.

About the period of which I write, when I was just seventeen, the country around us was terribly disturbed; indeed the whole south of Ireland was in a flame of disaffection. The Whiteboys, as they were called with us, elsewhere the Terryalts, were enrolled and organized in alarming numbers. I remember often seeing them, on light nights, from the upper windows, with white bands round their hats, that gave them the appearance of a troop of mourners at a funeral, marching with military precision along a valley not far distant, and filing off to a small wood, where they were in the habit of holding an almost nightly rendezvous. Of attacks upon neighboring mansions we continually heard; but as in every instance these were for arms, and only attempted where such were known to be, we felt more equanimity than might have been supposed, considering there was so much of disturbance around us.

"Sure every body knows that we don't keep a pop-gun in the house," aunt would say, "and what need we mind?"

She never allowed even a servant to have fire-arms of any kind, declaring that she thought it the safest way. We had, to be sure, such precautions taken as at the period were universally adopted—strong iron bars fixed outside to all the lower windows, and so close that, as Parks observed, "a mouse couldn't get in or out," and those gave our habitation very much the appearance of a jail; and, besides, new and more substantial internal fastenings were procured for the back and front doors; and to these Aunt Osborne triumphantly pointed when remonstrated with on our lonely position, and reminded, moreover, that she was well known to be wealthy, and possessed of a large quantity of plate and jewels of great value, and that in these troubled days desperadoes of every description were going about in plenty, so that an attack upon us, even though we had no fire-arms to attract the cupidity of the rebels, might nevertheless be by no means an improbable thing. Once or twice aunt thought of lodging the plate and other valuables in the bank until the present storm blew over, but was always dissuaded by Parks, who maintained that "there was no fear in the world;" nor, indeed, did we ourselves entertain the least.

One day I well remember. Mrs. Osborne had gone out to pay a distant visit, and would not be back, she told me, till late. Parks, of course, had driven the carriage. Mrs. Gwynne, our cook, was at the time in the hospital of the town, slowly recovering from a long and severe attack of fever. Susan had undertaken to do all the work during the cook's illness, so as to obviate the necessity of any temporary hand being employed, as my aunt disliked new people about her in the servant line, so that the housemaid and myself were the only occupants of the house. I had a very bad cold, and was unable to accompany my aunt, as I otherwise should. It was near the end of the day—a dull, gloomy one in the month of November. I was standing close to the window, reading, trying to catch the last remnant of the waning light, and deeply absorbed in my book. I was suddenly startled from my pursuit by a dark shadow from outside quite blocking up the window. I gazed in terror, and saw a man on the grass-plot just under the casement looking earnestly in. All the front windows were low, reaching to the ground. The book dropped from my hand as I hastily retreated, and with difficulty suppressed a scream. He made a motion to me with his hand, put his finger on his lip to intimate silence, and pointed to the hall door, implying that he wished me to go to it. On a closer scrutiny I recognized, to my surprise, the Roman Catholic priest of the parish, a person I had several times met upon the road, and who always seemed very civil. I had heard too that he was a man greatly beloved by the poor of his own flock. Somewhat reassured, yet still nervous and excited, and curious to know the object of this unusual and late call, I hastened to the door in obedience to his sign. When I opened it he seemed disappointed, as in the dusky twilight he had evidently mistaken me for my aunt.

"Is Mrs. Osborne in?" he asked, in a low, hurried voice.

"No, Sir," I replied; "but I am expecting her every moment."

"Oh, indeed!" And then he stood on the step as if in thought for a minute. "Who else is in the house?" he asked, abruptly.

"No one just now," I said, "but Susan, the housemaid; Mrs. Gwynne is in hospital."

"Yes, I know she is; just as well, perhaps. Look, young lady," he resumed, "get me a bit of paper and I'll write the message I want to leave for Mrs. Osborne, and be quick, please."

"If you'll come this way," I replied, "I'll get it for you," and he followed me into the sitting-room. A sheet of letter-paper was lying on the table.

"Here, this will do;" and he took it up, and tearing it across, folded one half of it into the form of a note. "I have a pencil," he said; and taking a book in his hand as a support for the note he went up to the window, and with his eye close to the paper to get the full benefit of the last gleam of light he wrote a few lines rapidly, standing with his back to me; he then turned round and said, in the same sharp, quick tones that he had employed from the first, "I must seal this; can you make me out a bit of wax?" I supplied him at once, and twisting up the remainder of the sheet of paper into a match he lit it at the fire. "Hold this a moment, if you please." I held the burning paper for him, and as its transient glare fell upon his features while he sealed the note I observed that his usually ruddy and good-humored face had an anxious, care-worn aspect, and that he appeared pale and thin. As he looked up and caught my eye curiously fixed on him, "Take care," said he, "you'll burn your fingers;" and taking the nearly consumed paper match from my hand he flung it unceremoniously on the carpet, extinguishing it with the heel of his boot. "You know who I am, I suppose?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied, "Father Malachi."

"Well," said he, sinking his voice into an ominous whisper, "be sure to give that note into Mrs. Osborne's own hand; she's your aunt, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And, young lady," he continued, "I'll take it as a favor if you'll not mention to any one, Susan the maid, or any one else, this visit of mine, and tell Mrs. Osborne the same."

I promised him on the word of a lady that I would not.

"Thank you—good-night," and dragging his hat that he had not, during his short stay, removed at all from his head, down over his brows, and wrapping the long camlet cloak that he wore closely round him, he strode out at the door, down the Laurel Walk, and was soon lost in the darkness. Soon I heard the sound of the carriage-wheels advancing, and I quickly threw off the timidity and abstraction I was sure my countenance would betray, and met Aunt Osborne as if nothing had occurred. I kept the note safely, and did not tell her about it until we were alone after dinner. I then gave it, mentioning the circumstances under which it had been intrusted to me, as well as the accompanying caution of silence in regard to the writer. My aunt seemed considerably surprised at what I told her, and hastily opened the strange missive; I noticed that she looked pained and perplexed as she read it, and holding the paper for several minutes in her hand, she continued gazing in silence into the fire.

"Do you know the contents of this?" she asked at length, pointing to the note.

"No," I said; "he told me nothing about it."

She handed it to me without a word: it ran as follows:

"MADAM,—From circumstances that have lately come to my knowledge, through whom, or in what way I am not at liberty to mention, I have reason to believe that considerable danger threatens you, and that from a quarter that you might perhaps least apprehend; you will understand that a parish priest is often bound to secrecy by the most sacred obligations, and I am almost breaking through the limits of official discretion and reserve in conveying this intimation. I therefore reckon confidently on your closest silence; act, but don't speak; lose no time in removing from your house to some safe custody the valuables that would tempt an assailant, and this may probably avert the peril; above all, let me imperatively urge upon you not to convey the faintest hint to a single servant in your house that you have been in any way warned.

"I am your well-wisher, ———

"Pray burn this."

"Well," asked Aunt Osborne, "what do you think of that?"

"Think of it?" I exclaimed, in horror, "why, if I were you I'd go, bag and baggage, into lodgings in M—— to-morrow, and I'd put every thing worth twopence into the bank, under Mr. Gregory's care. I sha'n't have an easy moment here now, and the long dark nights coming on."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Mrs. Osborne, "I'm not a bit afraid of any one out here. I shall certainly see to-morrow, though, about lodging the plate and some other matters in the bank; only I mustn't say a word to Parks—he would be quite offended."

"What on earth," I said, "can Father Malachi mean by danger from a quarter that we don't suspect. Isn't that what he says?" and I glanced again at his note.

"I suppose he means that it is the Whiteboys will attack us for money, though we haven't arms. Indeed, I heard the other day, I now remember, that they did break into one or two houses near Cork, for money alone; they want it, I suppose, to help out their shocking projects; any way, I'll consult Mr. Gregory in the morning about the whole matter, and whether it might not be well to have a gun or pistol, or something or other for Parks, in case any thing *should* happen; and by-the-way, Maggie, I promised to take Mrs. Gregory for a drive to-morrow, and said that we'd have an early dinner with them after, and he told me that he'd come home with us in the evening if we were at all afraid. I hope your cold will be well enough, and we can then settle about this business; possibly it might be better to move into the town for the winter. I must take care, though, and not betray the trust that poor Father Malachi has so kindly reposed in us; I declare it was a very good thing of him to do, more than I should have expected." And so saying, she threw his note into the fire.

"Why, then," I rejoined, "I'd almost wish that he had kept his letter to himself, he has terrified me so with it."

Various conjectures and plans were expressed and discussed that evening; at one time we thought of going to Father Malachi the next day and questioning him more closely, but then abandoned the idea as it might implicate him, and be a bad return for the favor he had shown. I also succeeded in diverting my aunt from the intention she had half adopted of confidentially disclosing the purport of the priest's letter, and how it reached her, to Mr. Gregory when consulting him as to what prudent steps we ought to take, for I maintained that would be a breach of faith, and it would answer quite as well to impute our apprehensions to the restless state of things in the country; and to this aunt ultimately agreed.

II.

THE next day my cold was too heavy to think of venturing out. Aunt Osborne wanted to forego her intention of remaining to dinner; I insisted, however, on her abiding by the original arrangement, but she promised that she would be home as early as possible. She left soon after breakfast, as she wished to go to the hospital to take some things to Mrs. Gwynne, and had other places to call at before going to the Gregorys' at the Bank. The earlier part of the morning I employed myself writing, and then settled down at my favorite seat in the window that nearly faced the Laurel Walk, over the same book I had been reading on the preceding day. Susan sometimes came in to look after the fire, or to talk with me a little, as she said she was afraid I might be lonely; and on one of these occasions, as she stood by my chair,

"Oh! Miss Maggie," she exclaimed, "if here isn't Mike the peddler coming up the walk. No, 'tisn't Mike," she added, as she looked out more closely, "but 'tis a peddler, any how, and I'm in sich a way for a comb for the back of my head."

Poor Susan had a regular penchant for peddlers; she'd rather buy from one of these itinerant hawkers, and pay perhaps a great deal more, than at any shop in the town. I objected strongly to a strange man at such times being at all encouraged about the place, especially in Mrs. Osborne's absence; but the servant pleaded so hard, and said that she might be able to make a bargain with the fellow for an old shawl she had to dispose of, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse her. I insisted, however, that he should come to the front-door, as I would not hear of any stragglers being admitted into the back-yard or kitchen. Meanwhile, the man had advanced slowly with his pack toward the house; he seemed to me to be more tardy in his movements than the apparent weight of his load would have warranted; but probably, I thought, he has traveled some great distance. As he came to the window and touched his hat civilly he looked, I fancied, weary. I motioned him to the hall-door, and very soon Susan was on her knees in the hall closely examining the contents of his pack, and trying to strike a bargain for some of his goods: there was altogether a multifarious assortment, ballads, some pictures in little tawdry gilt frames, boot-laces, combs, rings, brooches, and other feminine decorations, but little that was useful. I remained in the hall while Susan was engaged with him, partly for amusement, as well that I did not wish a stranger to be there alone with only the servant. I could not help noticing in the man a listless indifference about selling his wares, while an occasional eagerness was manifestly assumed. I at first imputed this to the apathy arising from fatigue until I observed, with considerable uneasiness, a restless movement of his eyes in every direction; now a glance into the room behind him, then toward the dining-room, again up stairs; while, when I once asked Susan what caused such a bitter wind that surely she had not left the back-door open, and when she answered that she was obliged, the kitchen smoked so, I thought I could detect at once upon the peddler's face a look of inquisitive and excited curiosity as he said,

"Smoke, does it? Just let me look at it and I'll cure it for you."

I instantly and decidedly declined, somewhat to Susan's surprise, who would have admitted him, I doubt not, at once. I had but one desire now, to get the fellow out—in fact I inwardly trembled with apprehension until he was clean off; and at last, to my inexpressible relief, he gathered up his goods after the servant had paid for her purchases, and trudged down the walk by which he had come. We both stood in the window watching him, while two or three times he looked back, as though to see if we were still there, when soon the turn in the avenue hid him from view. Susan remained with me for a while descanting on the cheapness and excellence of the articles which she had bought. I gave little heed to her encomiums; uneasy thoughts about that man were running in my mind, and I told the house-maid that I did not at all like his way or appearance, and that I was sure I'd dream of him that night. I forget how the rest of the day passed: I had a kind of luncheon dinner, and remained after it sitting by the fire in the twilight in a dreamy doze; for my cold was oppressive. When Susan lit the candles and drew the curtains, stirred up the fire, and made the room comfortable, I took the small candle that she had to get some work up stairs. At the top of the last flight, and near the door of my aunt's room, there was a sort of arched recess, where cloaks and other stray articles of that description were hung; and as I reached the landing I was attracted by the motion of one of these, a cloak, I believe it was. I thought, I remember, that the lobby window must be open, and that a breeze from it shook the garment. I turned to see, and then, at a loss to understand what it could be, I was about to move into the recess itself to examine more closely, when I became rooted to the spot on observing quite distinctly the outline of a figure draped in a dark, heavy wrap of Mrs. Osborne's; it seemed to me as if he must have hurriedly folded it round him, probably on hearing my step, for it was clumsily managed. One foot projected, quite uncovered, and I at once recognized a peculiar kind of boot that I had noticed on the peddler when in the hall in the day. I know not how I kept from instantly betraying the startling discovery by a loud scream; my heart leaped to my throat, but I gained sufficient command over myself to pass on into my room, and after a moment's delay, returning, I went down, with as little appearance of haste as I could manage, though with a creeping shudder as I passed by the spot where the robber was hidden. Near the foot of the stairs I met Susan coming up. Laying my hand on her arm I whispered,

"Come with me."

Unfortunately my pale face so alarmed her that in a loud voice she cried, "Lord! Miss Maggie, what is it?"

Instantly there was a rustling sound overhead, and a man's step. I had but time to shriek out, "The peddler is up stairs; run, Susan, run!" and flinging down the candle, I flew to the front-door, opened it, and dashing out in the darkness, rushed with frantic speed down the Laurel Walk to get assistance from the lodge. I had not advanced half a dozen yards before I heard the heavy tread, with its crunching sound, on the gravel of the avenue, in, as I conjectured, rapid pursuit; this augmenting peril led me, of course, to strain every energy to the utmost in pressing on, and I soon had the satisfaction of hearing my pursuer dart into the plantations, for the noise of the branches being broken and pushed aside conveyed to me this welcome assurance. Possibly, as I afterward thought, he never meant to follow me, nor knew at all which way I had gone, for the night was intensely dark, but may have been only concerned in effecting his escape after he had been detected. I found Brien, the gardener, at the gate lodge, and another workman with him, and brought them back as rapidly as possible to the house, for I felt anxious about poor Susan, knowing the fright she must be in. We discovered her shut up in the coal vault, half dead with fear. Mrs. Osborne's arrival in the midst of our consternation was a relief to all, and nothing could equal my aunt's distress when she learned what had happened and the alarm to which we had been subjected. Even Parks looked grave and uneasy, and himself that evening suggested the propriety of removing from the house any thing that might be a bait to plunderers. I could see that Aunt Osborne was relieved from some concern at this proposal emanating from the butler himself; she had arranged, she told me in the course of the evening, to convey all our valuables of every kind to Mr. Gregory; and it was a great comfort, she said, that Parks had now advised the same, for it made all matters smooth. We both concluded that the attempt made by this pretended peddler was what Father Malachi meant in his private warning; and, terrified as I had been by the trying adventure that had just occurred, I went to bed more at ease that night, as the vague alarm which the priest's letter had excited was now to a great degree set at rest; and I was further consoled by finding that my aunt was more disposed to the arrangement that I had for some time urged—the moving into the town for the winter months. The next day proved one of determined, ceaseless wet. We had intended carrying the lodgment to be made with Mr. Gregory into M—— that morning, but as well from the weather as at Parks's suggestion it was deferred till the succeeding day. It would be well, he said, to give all the silver a thorough cleaning before it was laid by, and he could do that in a few hours easily.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain Parks repaired to M—— to give the authorities a description of the peddler (which he got first accurately from me and Susan), and to try and ascertain if he had any others connected with him, for he strenuously maintained that the fellow wasn't single-handed in whatever he was after, but must be one of a gang. It was midday before the butler returned, and when he did he called at once for Susan, to tell her that he had met a messenger on his way, from her home (it was about five miles distant, at the foot of a neighboring mountain), with the intelligence that her mother was dying—"A'most off," he said, "Susy, she was; and that she implored you, for the love of God, to go to her, not to lose a moment, for his word was she was just on the hinges."

The announcement of this sad impending catastrophe affected the poor girl, as may be supposed, with the greatest sorrow; the house resounded with her sobs and moans. We made her up with all the coats and mufflers she could wear; Parks assured her that he'd look after every thing of her work that was necessary, and with sympathetic tears Aunt Osborne and I saw her off upon her mournful errand.

For the remaining hours of daylight my aunt and Parks were busied over the different costly articles of silver that were being packed into a large plate-chest, in preparation for their removal on the succeeding day, and we were, I think, a little later than usual at dinner in consequence. We had scarcely dined, I know, when we were considerably startled by a loud, impetuous, and incessant knocking at the door, and we were astonished when the angry claimant for admission turned out to be Susan back again. I saw that Parks looked greatly disconcerted—in fact, quite agitated, on her entrance; while, without ceremony, not even restrained by the presence of, or a feeling of respect for her mistress, she assailed him with extreme bitterness for what she termed "his sending her off in the wet upon a fool's errand. Nothing in life, ma'am, the matter with her. I met Tom, that's my brother, coming forenenst me down the hill, and she never was better. You had a purpose in it, you old black thief you," she exclaimed in a rage; "I don't believe you ever met any one who told you she was ill. Come, tell us; who was it, now? What was he like? Oh, I have had a talk about you since, I can tell you; no matter;" and the aggrieved girl ended a yet longer onset than I have attempted to describe, and that no interruption or remonstrance on our part could stop, by bursting into tears. I cautiously watched Parks's countenance during this stormy scene. At first he seemed frightened, but that soon yielded to an expression of pent-up fury that horrified me by its violence; before nor since I never saw any thing so fiendish. A wild gleam shot from his eyes, and they glared like a cat's in the dark; large drops gathered on his dark forehead; his heaving chest emitted gasps like the ominous growling of an angry beast; while his white teeth were pressed down into the thick under lip until the blood came. I thought at the moment that he would have done some fearful deed on the spot. I had heard of his once before being similarly excited, and that those who witnessed it said "they wouldn't like to have a hand in aggravating blacky;" but I had no idea of the reality.

Aunt Osborne insisted on Susan's going early to bed. She dosed her with hot drinks and other cold preventives, for the poor girl had been thoroughly saturated from the rain.

For a long time after tea that evening we sat silently at our work in the drawing-room. I could think of nothing but the terrible face of the black. I felt that it would be painfully impressed upon me as long as I lived. I was silent, too; for at least during this day, if not before, a kind of undefined apprehension that I scarce liked to express had been creeping over me that Parks was a man not to be trusted. Now, since dinner, the vague feeling had gathered strength: a phantom, so to speak, suddenly assumed a bodily form; and yet the sickening alarm that the idea gave rise to was such that I tried to dismiss it from my thoughts as altogether groundless, but I could not. Even silence about it now was becoming oppressive. I looked up from my work; my dear companion at the other side of the table was at some embroidery that seemed to try her sight too much as she leaned close over it, and I noticed that a shade of trouble or anxiety disturbed that usually sweet, serene face.

"Aunt," I said, suddenly, "did it ever at all occur to you," and I hesitated, to try and shape my unpleasant thought in less unpleasant words, "that—that—Parks is not worthy of the trust you repose in him?"

"What makes you say so?" she replied, hurriedly, dropping the work from her hand and looking nervously up at me.

"I can hardly tell you," I rejoined. "I don't like what I have seen for days back. I can't help suspecting something wrong, though I don't well know what, about this matter of Susan's; but what influences me most now is the awful look he had at the time at dinner that she attacked him. You did did not see it, but I never can forget it; and I tell you what, aunt," I continued, "it has pressed strongly on my mind more than once to-day that, in the priest's note, the covert allusion was to him."

"Well, but you know, Parks being a Protestant might have biased his mind, even if he did refer to him."

"Oh, depend upon it," I rejoined, "religion, one way or the other, had nothing to do with it."

My aunt seemed lost in thought for a few moments. "Very true," she said at last, with a deep sigh. "He has hitherto hindered me, I almost thought strangely, in sending away the plate. Curious, too, he drew all his money out of the bank. I heard this only yesterday, and I fancy that Mr. Gregory suspects him. To tell you the honest truth, Maggie, I have not felt very comfortable about him myself for the last week, though till this moment I hardly allowed myself to entertain the thought. Please God, come what may, we'll be off into M—— at once."

"I wish we were safe there this very night!" I almost unconsciously ejaculated.

I had scarce expressed the wish, uttered in a low voice, when we were both suddenly terrified by the sound of a cry. It appeared to be at a distance, but had a kind of muffled or smothered tone. Wherever it was, it was like the last wild utterance of some creature in mortal anguish, and sounded fearfully in the stillness of the night.

"Oh! what's that?" said my aunt, bounding up.

I rose from my seat, too petrified to say a word. We stood listening with blanched faces, but not another sound or stir reached us, and in a few moments Frisk, a small dog, gave a half growl, half bark under the window.

"Oh, there!" I said, with a deep breath of relief; "I know what it was. Frisk after a rabbit, I'll engage. I heard just such a cry, I'm sure, the other day from one that he killed in the walk; and, of course, it was more startling at this hour."

"Perhaps it was," rejoined my aunt. "It certainly seemed to be outside; but, dear, it sounded so awful!"

We remained for a while longer at our work, more quieted, though still not altogether at ease.

"Look, Maggie," said my aunt, "I want to run up for a bit of thread to finish this, and then I think we'll go to bed, for I declare I'm in a tremor since we heard that noise."

"Yes, and I must sleep with you to-night," I said, "for I should be afraid to stay alone, and your door is the only one in the house, I think, that has both lock and key. I was thinking the other day that there was not another spot, above or below, that one could lock themselves up in, if they required it."

"You're right, child, I believe," rejoined my aunt, laughing; "however, if we go to M——, it will not be worth while to get any thing done to them at present."

"*If* indeed!" I said, in a kind of soliloquy, as she left the room.

I don't now know how long Aunt Osborne was absent. I was pondering so deeply upon the occurrences of the past day or two, and wondering what might be the result, that I was not aware of her return, and did not notice her coming back into the apartment until the light of her candle fell upon the work I still held in my hand, though I had not put in a stitch for several minutes, and I turned to say something. Shall I ever forget her appearance! I rose from my chair, gazing at her, transfixed with horror. Her face was white like snow; even her lips wore the pallor of death, and she trembled so, that only I caught her I think she would have fallen. She seemed trying to speak, but her tongue refused to utter an articulate word. I felt my own face growing as ghastly as hers; I took the candle from her nerveless hand, and almost forced her into the seat that I had vacated.

"For mercy's sake," I whispered, "what is it; tell me; what have you seen?" I reached from the table a tumbler of water that had been left there for some medicine that I was to take for my cold, and made her swallow two or three sups.

"Oh, Maggie!" she at last gasped out, "'tis all true—Parks," and she shook from head to foot, "he's above, behind my bed; 'tis pushed a little down from the wall; I saw him first by the reflection in the looking-glass, and then, for fear of a mistake—I don't know how I got courage—I looked more closely at the bed and saw him plainly through an opening in the back curtain, with a knife or some sharp thing in his hand. He means to murder us most surely." I tried, on my poor aunt's account, to nerve myself up, though aghast at this appalling intelligence.

"Are you certain," I asked—and how unnaturally hollow my whispering voice sounded!—"that he does not suspect you saw him?"

"No, I got strength at the moment, somehow, and walked quietly from the room; but oh, Maggie, what are we to do?"

"We must," said I, bracing myself for this fearful emergency, "first of all gently wake up Susan, and then try, all three, and get out the door and off before he finds out that he's discovered. Where are the keys?" Great goodness! they had been taken up, we then remembered, as was the custom every night, and left in a small basket on a table in my aunt's room.

"Sure I saw it there," she exclaimed, "and the table, you know, is just by the bed; but I forgot in my fright what it was, and all about it. Now there is no earthly hope left; we can't possibly escape from the house; the windows are barred, the doors are locked, and the keys up close to where that fearful wretch is lurking."

"I fear, indeed, dear aunt," I exclaimed, bursting into tears, and throwing my arms round her, "that our destruction is inevitable." And I shook with convulsive but suppressed sobs.

"Don't, don't, my poor darling child!" said my beloved relative soothingly, now aroused and excited by the violence of my emotion. "There is One who can help us in the last extremity; let us ask Him." And with our arms encircling one another we sank upon our knees, while Aunt Osborne uttered a few trembling broken petitions, in a whispered but earnest voice. We rose strengthened and encouraged.

"Better," I said, "to call up poor Susan. If it comes to a last struggle, three together might do something; you'll not be afraid to stay here if I slip down to her?"

"No, dear," she answered; "you know he has no idea that we suspect any thing, and he'll be quiet for a while."

I stole softly out, and down the stairs to the basement; the room which the housemaid occupied, and the cook with her when she was at home, was in a remote part of the house, off a passage at the other side of the kitchen; while the man's apartment was at the opposite extreme end of the lower story. I passed quickly on, and opening the door, called out in a low tone, "Susan, Susan!" There was no reply. Going up to the bed, "She has covered herself up in the quilt," I muttered; "poor thing, she was so tired and sleepy; how tossed, though, all the clothes are!" I drew down the coverlet. Useless to try and describe the sight that met me, the icy chill I felt; she had been barbarously murdered! A handkerchief or string of some kind was tied so tightly round the throat that it had cut the skin, the eyes were protruding with a glassy stare, and a frothy mucus covered the parted lips; both hands were clenched, as in the last agony. That there had been a fierce struggle was evident, as well from the disordered state of the bed-clothes as that one of the shut hands contained a wooly curl that I knew must have been torn in the conflict from the murderer's head. The coldness and rigidity of death were already creeping over the frame. "Poor unfortunate girl!" I groaned out, as I staggered against the wall, "this was the cry we heard." In some strange way the sight of that disfigured corpse imparted a sudden and almost unnatural courage. "God helping me, I'll thwart this ruffian yet," I said, "and there's no time to be lost; my poor, kind-hearted Susan!" I reverently drew the quilt again over the dead discolored face; and, with a firmer tread than I had entered, left the room. "Let me see," I said, "I must try and not tell aunt yet," and when I returned, "On second thoughts," said I, "I have determined not to waken Susan a while, at all events till we see what may be done; she would be sure to cause some disturbance in her fright."

"Oh, nonsense," aunt whispered, "I won't have the poor creature perhaps murdered in her bed without knowing or hearing a word; come, I'll go to her myself."

"Stop, aunt," I said: "you must not."

"Why? Oh, Maggie, is there any thing more?" For she saw the agitation that I could not conceal.

"No use," said I, "in concealing it; he has murdered her already; we have but our own safety now to think of." I dreaded the effect of this intelligence upon one who was already so entirely unnerved by our terrible position; she sank back into her seat, and folded her hands with a look of passive despair.

"Poor thing!" she murmured, "I suppose she has only preceded us a little."

"Look now, dear aunt," and I knelt down beside her chair, and my voice was wonderfully steady and strong. "I am resolved on one last effort for our lives. I'll just go up this moment and see if I can't get into that room and bring out the keys without his hearing me, and then we might readily escape. See, it's our sole chance."

Aunt Osborne shook her head, and seemed incredulous as to my ever succeeding. I saw with fresh concern that a kind of apathetic stupor was stealing over her, and I dreaded that she might get a fit.

"Come, courage," I said; "God will not forsake us. I'm quite certain that I shall succeed."

Slipping off my shoes and folding my dress round my shoulders, so as to be less impeded, I literally *crept* up stairs, advancing with extreme care, lest the creaking of a board, or the slightest sound, might indicate my approach. When I reached the lobby, I stood by the cloak-hole, as we called it, already referred to, for some moments, to listen, but there was not the least sound; then with, if possible, a yet more stealthy movement, I went on to the door of the room, and again stopped, scarcely daring to draw breath for fear of arousing Parks's suspicions. I had felt marvelously firm and nerved up to this, but now that I was actually on the threshold of the apartment where the assassin was, the full consciousness of the impending danger came with such force that I *felt* the rapid beat of my heart, and my limbs shook so that I had to lean for support against the wall. I again called up the tragedy below, that had imparted such a feeling of indignation as to quell the overpowering nervousness that had preceded it. I passed my hand gently along the door, which was half open, to ascertain if by any chance the key might be on the outside, and to my great joy I unexpectedly found it was; surely, I thought, a most merciful providence that it happened to be so. Somewhat reassured by this discovery, I went on into the room. Here I assumed a stooping posture, fearful lest a possible gleam from the window, falling on my full height, might do mischief. I had now, of course, need of the utmost caution; an unguarded stir, a sudden encounter with any article of furniture, and we were ruined. To provide against the latter peril, I kept swaying one arm gently round me, treading step by step, more, as I afterward thought, like a person picking his way through some morass, and carefully feeling every foothold for fear of sinking. At last I reached the small table; there in a momentary pause I heard from the bed a heavy breath, an inarticulate mutter, accompanied by a restless movement. I stretched out my hand quickly, too quickly in the intense eagerness to clutch the basket with the keys, and turned it over with a loud rattle. To grasp them all with one desperate effort, to turn and fly, regardless of silence now, and to drag the door after me and turn the key, all was the work of an instant. The relief with which I felt the key turn and heard the lock click may be better imagined than described. As rapidly as my feet could carry me I hurried down to my aunt, with presence of mind enough, however, to seize the garment that came first to hand, from where they were hung, as I passed the place on the lobby, with which to protect my poor old relative against the night air. I could hear, as I descended the stairs, the wretched assassin making most vigorous, but ineffectual, efforts to force his way out; but in the hall, as I was wrapping my aunt up in the cloak that I had brought, we heard the window above let quickly down, and at once a long, low, peculiar whistle. "Quick," I exclaimed, seizing by the arm my half-scared companion, who could scarce be persuaded that the hope of extrication now open to us was a reality, "we must go by the back-door and out the little wicket at the other side of the yard; the fellow evidently has accomplices outside, and we have not done with danger yet." It was no easy matter to get poor Aunt Osborne on; she was in so great a tremor that her limbs all but failed. We got, however, to the yard, and out the small door, locking each after us, and so, avoiding the Laurel Walk, as the most probable place where the others might be watching or concealed, we ran on up the front avenue, and this it was I am sure that saved us; for those in the plot who were outside, concluding, I suppose, that we would endeavor to reach the gate lodge as a natural refuge, remained posted at that end of the house. By the same favoring Providence that had so far conducted us, a company of soldiers, with two officers and a magistrate, were passing the gate as we reached it upon some night patrol. I knew the latter gentleman, who lived in the town, and instantly informed him and the officers of what had occurred. A picked number of the men were dispatched to scour the plantations, and try and secure as many of the gang as they could find; while some more repaired to the house. Nor was it till after a long and fierce resistance that Parks himself was finally captured. The peddler was also apprehended, found hidden in the shrubbery. Parks and the peddler both expiated their guilt on the gallows, and suffered the last penalty of the law at a cross-road close by Blackwater Lodge, that for a long period after was—and for aught I can tell may still be—called Parks's Cross. And thus it came to pass that in less than a week subsequent to the terrors of that dreadful night, my hair, that had been before black like the raven's wing, was white as the driven snow.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why is a victory like a kiss?—Because it is easy to *Grant*.

A Connubial Contrar.—"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye, just tell me that—for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flannigan sint me to yer home?" "Swate jewel," replied Pat, "an' it's meself that hopes that I may live to see the day you're a widow waping over the cowld sod that kivvers me—thin, by Saint Patrick, I'll see how ye git along widout me, honey."

"Old Bumblebee" was the cognomen of Mr. T., of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day, as he was shingling his barn, and, in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Uncle T., in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly between two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for assistance to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on a gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets, with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

Sir Isaac Newton's nephew was a clergyman. When he had performed the marriage ceremony for a couple he always refused the fee, saying, "Go your ways, poor wretches, I have done you mischief enough already."

Old Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she made a pair of socks last her fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter, and new legs to them every other winter.

A Model "Report."—Mr. Jenkins, postmaster, had read the instructions sent him, that he must make a "quarterly report" to head-quarters. So when the time came to report to head-quarters he "spread himself" on the following:

——fulton co ills.
july the 9 1857

mr. James Buckanin president of united States Dear sir Been required by the instructions of this post Office to report quarterly i know herewith foolfil that pleasin duty by reportin as follows: The Harvestin has been goin on peertly and most of the nabors have got their cuttin about dun wheat is hardly a average crop on rollin lands corn is yallerish and won't turn out more than ten or fifteen booshils to the aker the health of the commonety is only tolerabil meezils havin brokin out about 2 and a half miles from here thair is a powerful awakenin on the subjic of religun in the Potts naborhood and many soals are bein Made to know their sins forgivin miss nancy Smith a neer nabor had twins day before yesterday. One of them is supposed to be a seven monther is a poor scraggy thing and wont live half its day this is about all i have to report the present qr give my repts to mrs Buckanin and subscribe myself

yoors Trooly, Alijah Jenkins
p. m. at —— fulton co ills

A father was winding his watch when he said, playfully, to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up." "No," said the child, "I don't want my nose wound up, for I don't want it to run all day."

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says "that it is better to speak paragorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

Irish Dogs in Parliament.—The following notice of motion extraordinary has appeared in the parliamentary papers "Notice of motion, May 22—Dogs Registration Bill (Ireland)—Mr. Longfield to move the following clause: 'Every dog found trespassing on uninclosed land unaccompanied by the registered owner of such dog or other person, who shall on being asked give his true name and address, may be then and there destroyed by such occupier, or by his order.'" A contemporary asks: "Is it intended that the 'dog,' if he give his true name and address, shall be destroyed? or is it the 'owner or other person' who is to be destroyed for the offense of giving his true name and address?"

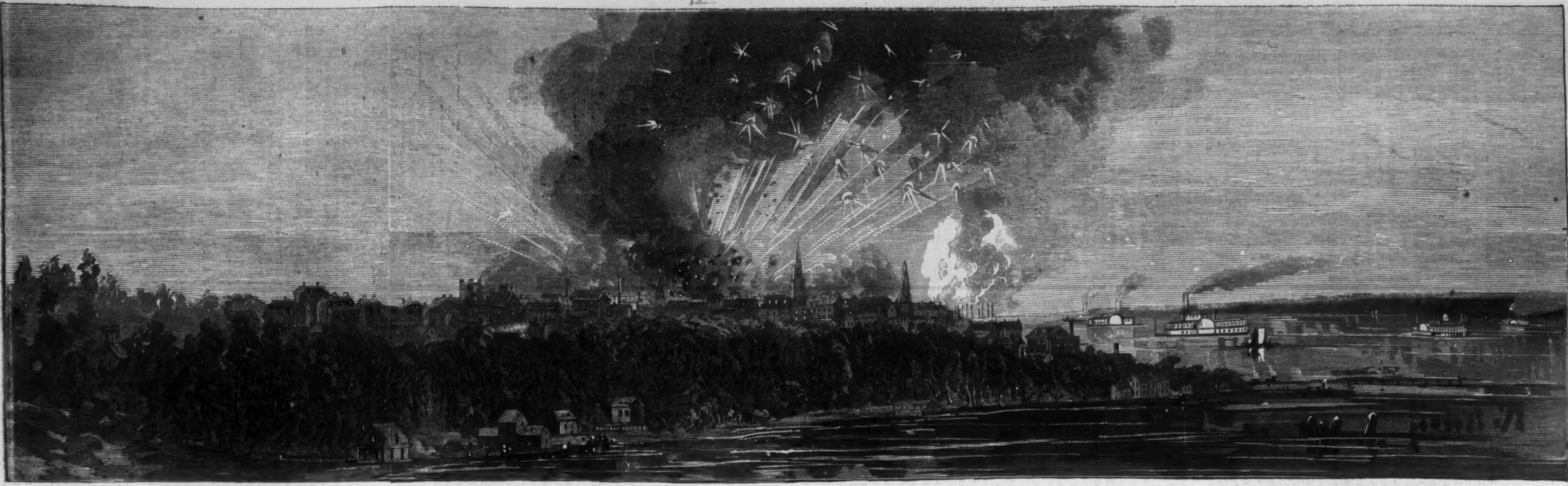
"Ain't it wicked to rob dis chicken roost, George?"—"Dat's a great moral question, Quinn; we hain't time to argue it now; hand down another pullet."

Spectacles for Horses.—An old resident of Philadelphia has a family horse which has done good service for twenty years. For some time past the horse evinced a tendency to stumble and to strain its sight at objects close by. The kind-hearted owner judged the animal from his own case, and ordered of an optician a pair of equine spectacles. A pair of pebble-glasses, about the size of the object-glasses of a large-sized lunette, were set in a frame over the horse's eyes. He appreciates the convenience wonderfully, and has never stumbled since he donned the spectacles.

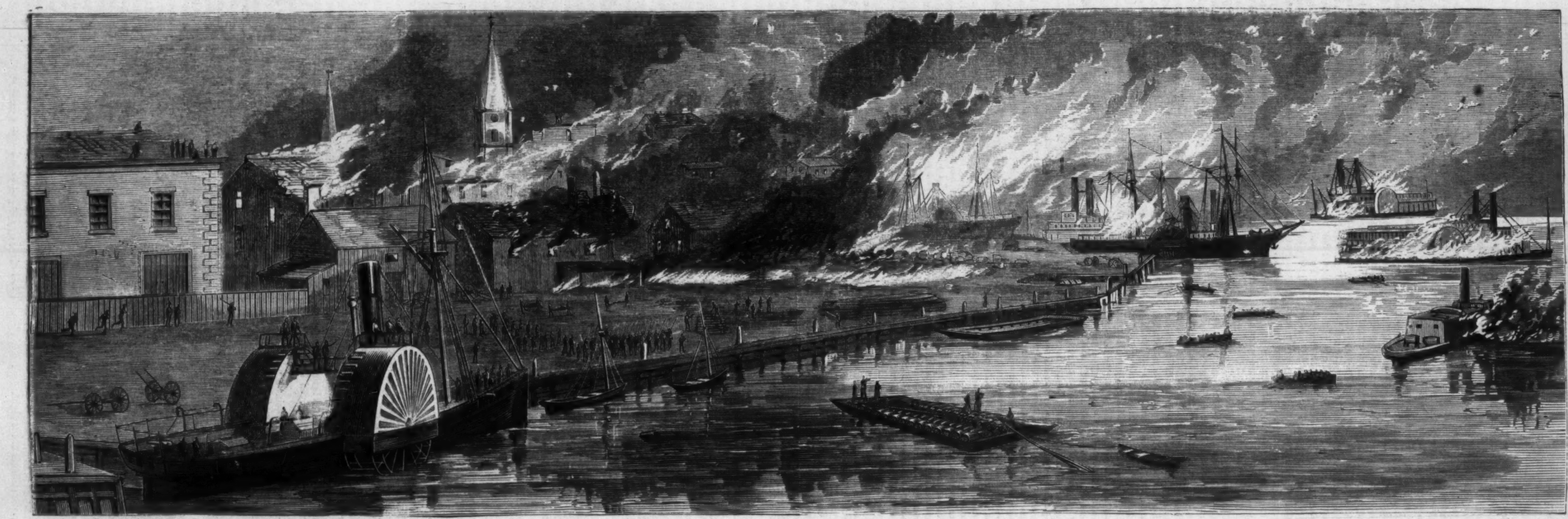
The idea has been seized upon by a speculative house of business to have handkerchiefs marked with photographs of the owner. The process "will wash." The idea might be extended upon the knob of an umbrella: it would carry conviction at once, and be patent circumstantial evidence against the purloiner.

An Irishman's Telescope.—A gentleman remarked one day to an Irishman that the science of optics was now brought to such perfection that, by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the Irishman, "I have one at my house in the County of Wexford that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Enniscorthy so near to my view that I could hear the whole congregation singing psalms."

Horse-Hair Justice.—There was once a boy, in the olden time of Webster's Grammar, who found this definition in his book, "A noun is the name of a thing, as horse, hair, justice." But he chanced to misconceive it, and read it thus: "A noun is the name of a thing, as horse-hair justice." He was of a reflective turn, and long he pondered over the wonderful mysteries of a noun; but in vain, he could not make it out. It so happened that his father was a justice of the peace; and, one day, when the boy went home, the old man was holding a justice's court. There he sat, in state among a crowd of people, on an old-fashioned horse-hair settee. A new light suddenly broke upon our hero's mind. "My father," said he, mentally, "is a horse-hair justice, and, therefore, a noun!"



EXPLOSION OF THE UNITED STATES RECEIVING MAGAZINE AT MOBILE, MAY 25, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.]



CONFLAGRATION AT MOBILE, CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION, MAY 25, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.]

MISS EDWARDS.

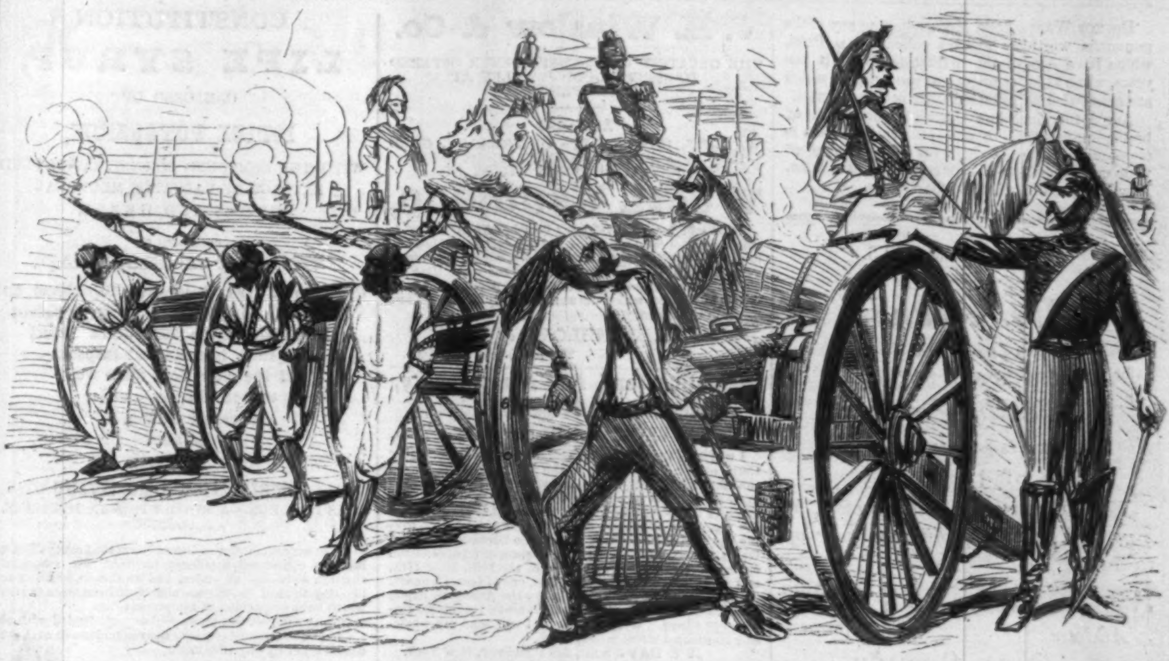
Miss Amelia B. Edwards is one of the most popular and successful of what may be called the minor novelists, and her progress is so rapid that we are not sure how long she can be ranked with them. Her story, "Half a Million of Money," now publishing in the *Weekly*, is her most finished and apparently elaborate work, characterized by the same lively and pleasant tone, and a certain domestic tranquillity of impression which made "Barbara's History" so welcome to tired novel-readers. Miss Edwards's style is often fervent and eloquent. She has a sincere enthusiasm for art and for whatever is picturesque in nature; and her thoughtful feeling imparts a charming purity to her works. Her personal history is hidden from the public. There is a repose and air of elegant cultivation in her writings which compel us to believe that the sparkling serenity of her page flows from a happy and contented life. At least we may believe it, as we most cordially wish it, to be so.

THE EXPLOSION AT MOBILE.

On Thursday, May 25, a terrible explosion, involving great loss of life and property, occurred at Mobile. We illustrate this event on page 396. About half past two in the afternoon the main Ordnance Dépôt of the Government, on the corner of Lipscomb and Commerce streets, was blown up. Eight squares of buildings were demolished by the violence of the shock. It is estimated that the number of persons killed will reach fully two hundred. This will appear no large estimate when it is considered that nearly all the work-shops, foundries, cotton-presses, etc., which covered the vast area destroyed, were employing quite a number of men. A large number of persons were wounded. A number of the bodies recovered were so mutilated that recognition was impossible. Major Slough estimates the amount of cotton destroyed at from eight to ten thousand bales: nearly all this belonged to private citizens.

The noise of the explosion was so great as to be heard at the distance of forty miles from the city. The steamers in the river suffered greatly from the shock, and a number of persons were killed. Two steamers were destroyed.

A man named Wall has been arrested at Mobile charged with being implicated in the explosion. He states that he and two other men, on the night previous to the explosion, placed torpedoes between the buildings containing the powder; that the work was performed under the direction of a rebel major, who threatened them with instant death if they disobeyed or offered to resist; and that the major afterward lighted the fuse of the shell connected with the infernal arrangement. Torpedoes have also been discovered in the Custom-house, so arranged as to explode on opening the doors.



HOW THE BRITISH TREAT PRISONERS OF WAR.—[From the London Illustrated News, 1857.]

PRACTICE versus PRECEPT.

PRACTICE

From English Papers, 1857.

"On the 12th of June, at Peshawar, forty men were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be blown from the guns. The execution was a dreadful sight. Three sides of a square were formed by British troops, and in the centre ten guns were planted, pointing outward. A prisoner was bound to each gun, his back placed against the muzzle, and his arms fastened firmly to the wheel. The signal is now given, and the salvo fired. The discharge, of course, cuts the body in two; and human trunks, heads, legs, and arms may be seen for an instant flying about in all directions. As there were only ten guns used on this occasion, the mutilated criminals had to be removed four times.....The scene and stench were overpowering. Precaution was not taken to remove the sponge-and-load men from the muzzles of the guns. The consequence was that they were greatly bespattered with blood....All these forty criminals met their fate with the exception of two, and, to save time, they were dropped to the ground, and their brains blown out with musketry."

On another occasion two rejoined, "Hold your sniveling! Die men, and not cowards. You defended your religion; why, then, do you crave your lives?"

From Russell's Journal, 1857.

"A French General expressed his regret at certain violences attributed to some of our officers in cold blood—I presume alluding to Hobson shooting the Princes of Delhi, and things of that sort. But he should know that here there is no such thing as cold blood at the sight of a rebel.....When Neile marched from Allahabad his executions were so numerous and indiscriminate that one of his officers remonstrated with him that if he depopulated the country he could get no supplies."

PRECEPT.

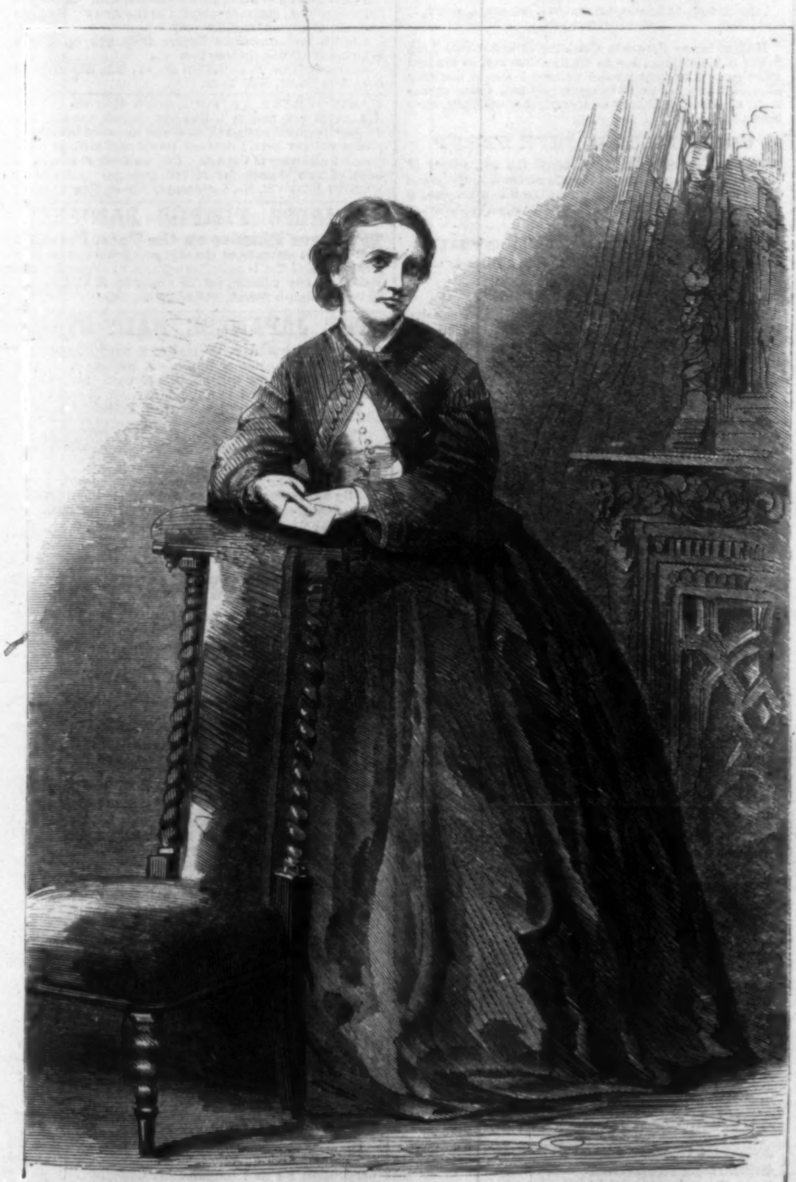
From the London Herald, May 27, 1865.

"The [American] newspapers announce the capture of Mr. Davis in language of fiendish exultation. They gloat over the prospect of his judicial murder; and knowing, as we must presume, the character of those whom they address, promise it a glorious satisfaction in the indignities and pains to which the rebel President will be subjected. Still we would fain hope, for the sake of our common humanity, for our common kindred, that the American people may show itself in this critical hour more just, more generous, and more sagacious than the drunken blackguard whom, after the fashion of an ignorant African tribe, it has chosen for its ruler, and the unscrupulous writers who try to earn its favor by flattering its lowest passions, and insist that the man whose rare abilities and high character have conferred a lustre upon the United States should be treated with fairness and justice.....To such a man there must be something inspiriting and consoling in the prospect of such a death. His blood, he will be assured, will not flow in vain.

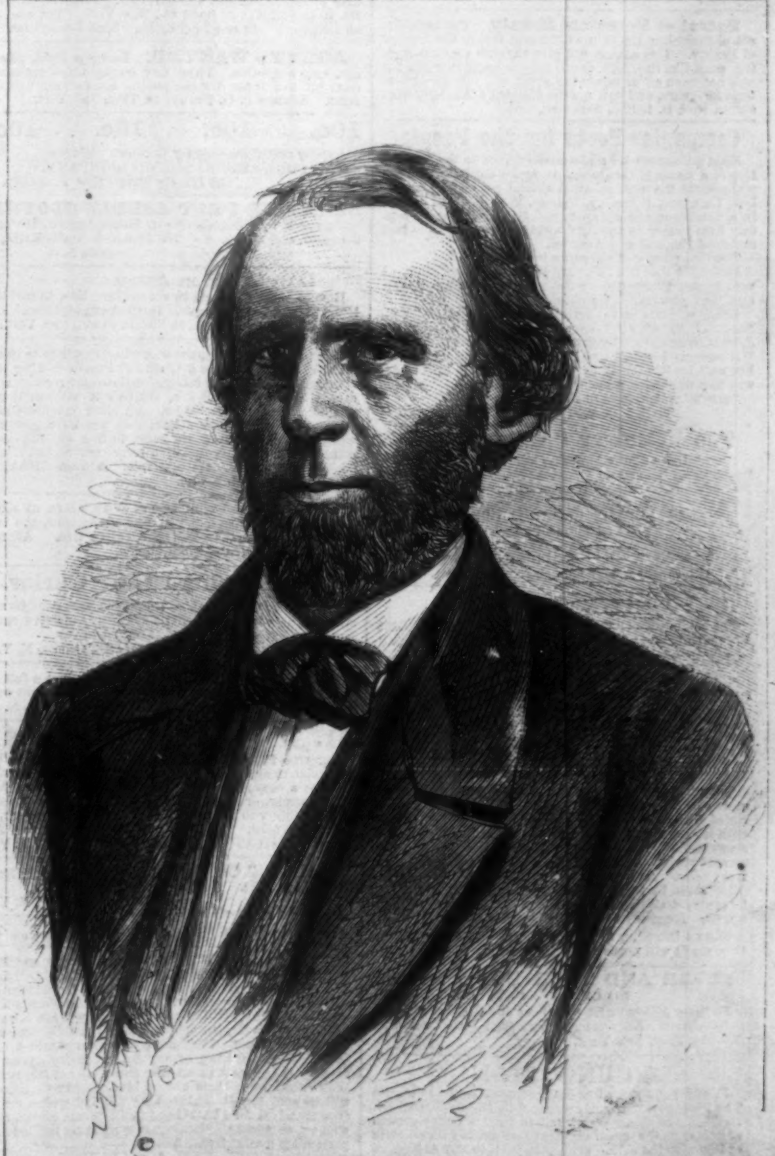
"He has done his duty. He has defended the cause of freedom and of right with almost superhuman energy; and having seen the noblest of his countrymen lay down their lives for that cause, he must desire to seal his testimony with his blood."

From the London Times, May 27, 1865.

"We confess that it is with much anxiety that we look forward to the probable fate of the Southern President. If slaughter can heal the wounds of the Republic, enough of human hecatombs have been offered at its shrine. There needs not another life to establish the fortune of the victors. For the credit of the American Union we urge the extreme impolicy of shedding the blood of a man whom a little success would have transformed from an attainted traitor into something very like an anointed monarch."



MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY."



WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Phot. by Gardner.—[See Page 390.]

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WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY
WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup

HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific, to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

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Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

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☞ Sent by Express to all parts of the Country. ☜

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and is, beyond question, the finest thing she has thus far written. It is full of love and mystery, and possesses a charm which can not fail to fascinate all who may read it.

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Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO.,
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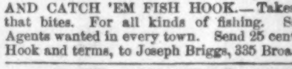

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United States
7.30 LOAN.

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$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

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These notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

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These Bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7.30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a $50 note.
Two cents per day on a $100 note.
Ten cents per day on a $500 note.
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One dollar per day on a $5000 note.

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent., instead of seven and three-tenths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15, at the time when they subscribe.

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The Only Loan in Market

Now offered by the Government; and its superior advantages make it the

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Less than $230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

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Costiveness, Diarrhœa.

They are taken up by the absorbents and carried into the circulation, through which medium they are conveyed to every part of the body.

If the pain affects the joints a single dose produces remarkable benefit. And the same rule applies to costiveness, diarrhœa, and dysentery; though with the last-named they may be required night and morning for some days before decided relief is obtained. In affections of the lungs, throat, head, and pleurisy, the relief is certain, the excretory organs throw off with ease the phlegm, and the breathing becomes freer. Spasmodic asthma is often cured by a single dose.

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RESTORES GRAY HAIR to its original color, stops its falling out in three days, keeps the head clean, cool, and healthy, and will not stain the skin, nor soil the whitest fabric. THE BEST HAIR DRESSING EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. Can be used freely; contains nothing injurious; strengthens and promotes the growth of the weakest hair. IT IS RECOMMENDED AND USED BY THE FIRST MEDICAL AUTHORITY.

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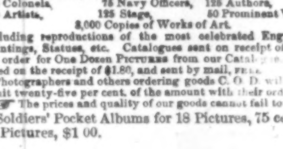

The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

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P.S.—IMPORTANT.—These Rifles can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition.

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DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED

MEDICAL PINEAPPLE CIDER

Will cure you if you are sick; and, if you are well, will prevent sickness. See long advertisement in *Harper's Weekly* from Ap'l 29 to June 3. Send for circular. One oz. sample bottle mailed free on receipt of 30 cents for postage.
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The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

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All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

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$100,000 IN SUBSTANTIAL GIFTS.

100,000 Boxes Steel Pens! 100,000 Free Gifts!

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Each purchaser, besides receiving FULL value for his money in steel pens, is sure to receive a valuable gift worth from 50 cents to $5000 00.

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20 Ladies' " " " " " $100	2,000
50 Gents' " silver " " " $40.	2,000
100 Ladies' fine Gold Lockets, large, $10; 100 do. do., small, $7..........................	1,700
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